E 99
.O45 M5

THE CHURCH'S MISSION TO THE ONEIDAS

ONEIDA INDIAN RESERVATION
WISCONSIN
1902

SECOND EDITION

P. B. HABER PRINTING CO.,
FOND DU LAC, WIS.

E99
C45W5

HOBART CHURCH
(Church of the Holy Apostles.)

The Indians of the Oneida Nation

✠

Popular Misconceptions of the Indians

PREJUDICE has ever, until the present time, held before the public eye and mind a shabby and useless specimen of humanity in the Indian; and the quotation "Better keep some of them wild, Bishop, if you would keep the Church interested," shows one of the most evident misconceptions of the cynical mind. To make the Indian attractive to the majority of persons you must picture him in the gay paint and feathers of the wild, untutored savage. It is hard to arouse the interest even of Christian people in the Christianized and civilized Indians, and most persons seem incredulous and almost disappointed when you tell them that at the present time within the United States the real savage is hard to find: that all the Indians of whatsoever grade have learned something of Christianity: that all have abandoned in some degree their ancient superstitions. Indeed it is rather surprising to find how little is known of the number and condition of the North American Indians. It is a popular fancy that there are comparatively few Indians. That they are rapidly disappearing, and that in the ordinary course of nature they all will soon have passed to the "Happy Hunting Fields" of their forefathers. The facts are, there are nearly 250,000 of them exclusive of the Alaskans, they are not rapidly decreasing, and, with their improved surroundings, the absence of destructive wars, the gradual improvement of sanitary conditions, and the spread of Christianity and of education, the North American Indian will long survive among us as a distinct type. Another fact to be remembered is that the Indian nature is simply human nature bound in red and the Indian has the same affections, passions, desires and capacities as other people. A careful study of the Red men aided by contact with them on the Reservation, in their homes, and in the government schools, leads one to the firm conviction that, as a class, under favorable conditions, they are self-respecting, noble-minded, and responsive to all rightful appeals to their better nature. There are now more than 20,000 Indian youths enrolled in schools, and they show the same aptitude as white children under similar circumstances. It is said by the United States Commis-

sioner of Indian affairs that they excel in penmanship and drawing, are not defective in musical talent, can be trained to habits of industry and study, take readily to the ruder mechanical arts, and many of them have acquired very respectable scholarship, general and professional.

LOG HOUSE

Give to all the Indian children a good, common, American industrial education, send to every tribe the Christian Missionary, with the Church's influence, and time will do the rest. When the Indian has the full rights of American citizenship, with Christian influence to mould and protect him, he will soon achieve for himself a respected place among his fellow-men. It is another popular fancy that the Indians are all alike, and that whatever is true about the Sioux of the Dakotas is equally applicable to the Apaches of Arizona or the Pueblos of New Mexico. The truth is, they differ among themselves in every respect; in language, dress, mode of living, manners and occupation. The Indians of the Oneida Reservation have long ago abandoned the blanket and feathers. The rudely constructed tepee is unknown. They live in houses, and although the majority are still log cabins, they are substantial and neat. Among the younger generation, and the more prosper-

MODERN HOME

ous, good frame buildings are now being erected, and these with verandahs, large windows, and cellars, are rapidly taking the place of the little log dwellings, the great cracks of which were filled with hard sun-baked clay, and where in cramped quarters the Indian family with difficulty made its home. Our illustrations of the exterior and interior of some of the modern houses will show that an elevating love of home adornment is growing, that pictures and books are to be found in the "best room," while lawns and gardens and shade trees are to be seen about their homes.

Nowhere will you find the blanket as the chief and only wearing ap-

MODERN HOME

parel, for the Oneidas dress in white man's clothing, and although the older women prefer the more quiet dress and the becoming shawl or kerchief in place of some guady millinery, yet even here fashion has its followers among the younger generation, and on Sundays, you would find our congregation wearing as fine clothes as the average white farmer.

One more popular fancy that needs refuting is that all these 250,000 Indians are paupers, lazy vagabonds, fattening at the public crib. As a matter of fact probably less than one-fourth of them receive anything from the Government, while the great mass are self-supporting. They subsist, either by the labor of their own hands, or upon that which they receive from the Government in payment for their lands. The last census of the Oneida Indians compared with those taken in the past shows

that at least among their tribe, the story that the Indian race is dying out, has become as untrue as it is time-worn. The Oneida Reservation is, however, one of the few in which a complete census can be taken, and it shows the Indians to be more civilized than those upon any other Reservation in the country.

INTERIOR OF MODERN HOME

The Oneidas have always been close friends with the American or English speaking people. Their early home was in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk River, not far from where the city of Utica now stands. During the early settlement of the Dutch in New York State, and later, at the time of the French and Indian war, the Oneidas were found faithful to their white neighbors, taking up arms in their defence against other tribes of their own race. The tribe has also been noted for its loyalty, and by none is the flag more honored. During the civil war this tribe furnished 135 volunteers to the Union Army. Death has thinned their ranks, but of this number about thirty are still living and they are among the leading men of the community. The Oneidas have always been known also as a self-respecting, self-supporting people. They have never been the recipients of Gov-

OLD ONEIDA WOMEN

ernment rations, clothing, horses, or other bounties, nor have they held the strings of any of Uncle Sam's money bags. The only cash payment made to our people is the munificent sum of fifty cents per capita which they receive annually for services rendered to the Government during the Revolutionary War. Loyal to their country in all its struggles, making steady progress, in all that belongs to civilized life, a living witness to the Church's power in the development of character, if the Indian in his natural state was ever an object of interest, he is now one, whose farther development in Christianity and civilization every American and Churchman should be ready to aid.

The Origin of "The People of the Stone"

For the legend of "The Oneida Stone" we are indebted to Dr. M. M. Bagg of the Oneida Historical Society, Utica, N. Y. At a prominent position near the entrance of the Forrest Hill Cemetery, Utica, stands the Palladium of the Oneidas, the sacred stone which gave them their national name, and which is said to have followed them in all of their wanderings. The legend is that the Oneidas, whose territory extended from the country of the Onondagas to that of the Mohawks, occupying all of Central New York, were descended from two Onondaga Indians, who were brothers. At a very remote period they left their native home and built wigwams on the Oneida River, at the outlet of Oneida Lake, where, like the antediluvians, they "builded a city" and "Begat sons and daughters." At their resting place there appeared an oblong roundish stone, unlike any of the rocks in the vicinity, which came to be their sacrificial altar, and gave a name to their children. "Onia," in their native tongue, is the word for a stone. As their descendants increased in number and became a community, they were called after this stone "Onionta-aug," "the people of the stone," or "who springs from the Stone." A mispronunciation has given us the word Oneida. The stone was the altar upon which all their sacrifices were made, and around which their councils and festive and religious gatherings took place. After the lapse of several generations, the Onionta-aug, now become numerous, removed from the Oneida River to the place where the creek, which now bears their name, is discharged into the Oneida Lake, and the sacred stone, unassisted by human hands, so the legend runs, followed them and located itself again in their midst. Here they flourished until the confederation of the Five Nations was formed, and the children of the stone became second in the order of precedence in the great con-

federacy. At length it was determined by the old men and warriors of the nation to remove their council fire to the summit of one of the chain of hills skirting the valley of the Oneida Creek on the east. When the council of the nation had selected this new home for its people, the stone, true to its mission, a second time followed in the train of its children, and seeking one of the most commanding and beautiful points upon the hill, deposited itself in a beautiful butternut grove, from which the eye could look out upon the wide landscape, the most lovely portion of the national domain. Here it remained to witness the subsequent history of its people. It saw the Five Nations increase in power and importance until their name struck terror from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Hudson to the Father of Waters. Around this unhewn altar, within its leafy temple, was gathered all the wisdom of the nation, when measures affecting its welfare were to be considered. Here, eloquence as effective and beautiful as ever fell from classic lips was poured forth in the ears of its sons and daughters. Here, Sconondoa, the last orator of his race—the warrior chief, the lowly Christian Convert—with matchless power swayed the hearts of his countrymen. Here the sacred rites were celebrated at the return of each harvest moon and each new year, when every son and daughter of the Stone came up like the Jewish tribes of old, to join in the national festivities. Here to-day lies the Stone, perhaps to take another journey to rest among its own people. Who knows ?*

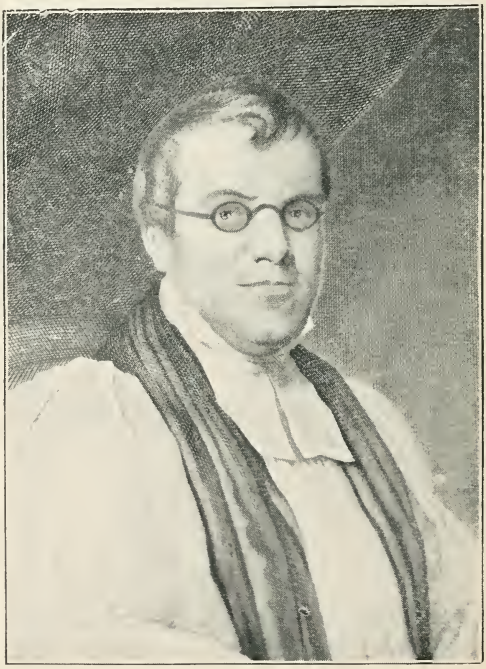
Early History of the Oneidas

Let us relate some reminiscences of the early history of the Oneidas, a tribe of the once powerful Six Nations. The tribe can boast of being the oldest of our Church's Indian Missions, dating from the year 1702 and starting under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. A mission to them was one of the earliest enterprises of that noble society. Mr. Robert Livingston, Secretary for Indian Affairs in New York, had interviewed the Society on the subject. The Rev. J. Talbot had reported to the home authorities in Nov. 1702, that

*Upon investigation, it has been found that the Oneida Stone, in 1850, was bought with the Cemetery, from Madison County, with the approval of the resident Oneidas, as well as by consent of the owner of the farm where it rested. The Cemetery was opened, and 200 Oneidas and Onondagas came, and after the ceremonies many of them stooped to kiss the stone, and addresses were made by chiefs of both tribes and interpreted by the Interpreter of the Oneidas declaring that the tribes gave their sanction to this final disposal of the altar of their fathers. It is stated also that, the large space around the stone was left for the interment of any Oneidas who might wish to be buried there. May this legend of the Stone now resting under the trees by their graves, be to these red men an abiding prophecy or type of that Saving Spiritual Rock which of old followed Israel's children in their journey to the Promised Land. The last of the Oneida Chiefs, our present interpreter, hearing the proposal to move the great Stone from Utica to Oneida, shook his head in disapproval and said, "We HAVE the True Stone here," pointing to the great stone Church.

"The Indians have promised obedience to the faith." Five of the Sachems or kings told Lord Conbury at Albany, that "They were glad to hear that the Sun shined in England again since King William's death." "They admired that we should have a 'Squaw Sachem, or woman king,' but hoped she would be a good mother and send them some to teach them religion." In 1709 we find four of the Iroquois Sachems crossing the great seas and presenting an address to Queen Anne, with "Belts of Waupum" as sure tokens of the sincerity of the Six Nations. They touchingly said "Since we were in covenant with our great Queen's children, we have had some knowledge of the Saviour of the world. If our great Queen would send some to instruct us they would find a most hearty welcome." The address being referred to the then young society it was resolved to send Missionaries, to provide translations of the Bible and Prayer Book in Mohawk, and to stop the sale of intoxicating liquors to the Indians, "this being the earnest request of the Sachems themselves." Along with the other tribes the Oneidas shared in the ministrations of the society's first Missionaries. These servants of Christ carried on the work with varying success. At one time we read of a "regular sober congregation among the Mohawks of 500 Christian Indians, of whom fifty are very serious communicants." Then again, we read of some oppositions and of some falling away. As now, so then, light and shadow followed each other even in the ever brightening day. The work of civilizing and Christianizing the natives suffered through the wars between the French and English, but most of all by the bad behavior of the white men, who cheated the Indians in trade and ruined them by drink. The Missionary reported to the Society, "It is from the bad behavior of the Christians here, that the Indians have had and still have their notions of Christianity, which God knows, hath been generally such that it hath made the Indians to hate our religion." He added, "The Christians selling the Indians so much rum is a sufficient bar, if there were no other, against their embracing Christianity." The evil came along with the good. The effect of the fire water on these red men is to madden and brutalize them more readily than it does the whites. The tomahawk and scalping knife are slow in their murderous work compared with the destroying effects of intoxicating drink upon the aborigines. Yet they are not incapable of reformation, and sometimes God in his mercy leads them to it through their very falls. He makes as He often does with all of us, the stones over which His children have stumbled, stepping stones to heaven.

The work of God's planting never perishes. In spite of many obstacles and set-backs the Christianizing of the Red men went on, though the Missionaries had to toil and suffer and lay down their lives. We read of one Andrews, a Missionary to the Mohawks, walking through the forests to visit the Oneidas a hundred miles away, and "lying several nights in the woods on a bear skin." This was a common enough occurrence. Sometimes the Indians it is said stirred up by some emissary from the French, or unfriendly Tuscaroras from North Carolina, would turn against their leaders and desert and mock them. A Missionary had not only to bear the pinch of poverty and all the exposure of a life in the wilderness, but also the savage attacks made sometimes upon home and Church. The tomahawk and flambeau were not pleasant neighbors. Nor was the opposition confined to the Indians alone, Lord Conbury the royal Governor at New York, whom Col. Morris characterizes as a "man certainly the reverse of all that is good," summoned Mr. Moor, one of the Missionaries, before him. Mr. Moor had rebuked him for some of his openly scandalous conduct. The Governor had Moor arrested and imprisoned in Fort Anne. What do you think was this good man's great offence? The alleged irregularity was "The celebrating the Blessed Sacrament as often as once a fortnight," which frequency, he the Governor, was pleased to forbid. In the middle of that century we find the Indians ministered to by one Rev. J. Ogilvie, who attended the troops in the expedition to Niagara. Almost all the Six



RT. REV. BISHOP HOBART

Nations co-operated. The Indian fighting men numbered nine hundred and forty. He records that he "officiated constantly to the Mohawks and Oneidas who regularly attended Divine Service." Twelve of the Mohawk leaders fell in the battle at Lake George, six of them regular communicants. When at home writes another Missionary, the Rev. J. Stuart, "The Indians regularly attend service daily, and when out hunting some would come (of course on foot) sixty miles to communicate on Christmas day." The Revolution brought its embarrassments and its trials and hinderances to the Church's progress. The Mohawks and others abandoned their property, and their dwellings, under a sense of loyalty to the crown, and eventually took shelter in Canada. Those who remained were left without regular ministrations for some years. Finally they came under the protecting care of Bishop Hobart who was consecrated in May 1811. The mission had indeed dwindled but this godly servant of God immediately revived it. Consecrated in May 1811, we find him at once visiting the Indian members of his flock. At that time there were left several baptized persons and one communicant. The work grew rapidly. In Bishop Hobart's address to his Diocesan Convention in the year 1818 he speaks of the Oneidas as having erected a handsome Church. The cost of this we learn from an address made by the chiefs was between three and four thousand dollars which they had raised themselves. The Bishop thus describes his visitation: "On my visit to them several hundred assembled for worship; those who could read were furnished with books; and they uttered the confessions of the Liturgy, responded to its supplications, and chanted its hymns of praise, with a reverence and fervor which powerfully interested the feelings of those who witnessed the solemnity. They listened to my address to them, interpreted by Mr. Williams, with much solicitous attention; they received the Laying on of Hands with such grateful humility, and participated of the symbols of their Saviour's love with such tears of penitential devotion, that the impression which the scene made upon my mind will never be effaced. Nor was this the excitement of the moment, or the ebullition of enthusiasm. The eighty-nine who were confirmed had been well instructed by Mr. Williams; and none were permitted to approach the Communion whose lives did not correspond with their Christian profession." Even after their removal to Wisconsin Bishop Hobart still extended to his Indian friends his watchful and protecting care. Both he and Bishop Onderdonk visited them in their new home. Long years after when a portrait of Bishop Hobart had been presented to the congregation and hung in the Church, one very old

woman asked to see it, and as soon as she could see the face she raised her hands, "So glad, so glad," she said the tears running down her face, "Good picture, just like him," was her exclamation ; "he put his hands on my head," she said ; "I am so glad to see his good face once more." The old chief also said that the picture looked as he remembered him. That when he was a young man in New York the Bishop was coming to visit the nation, and a hundred of the men went on horseback five miles to meet him. They formed in line as he rode up, with the heads of the horses facing the road, and the Bishop rode past the line and took off his hat and bowed to them all. As expressing their own spirit, we give an extract from the address thirteen Oneida chiefs had sent to him. It was written by a young Indian chief. "Right Rev. Father. We salute you in the name of the ever-adorable, ever-blessed, and ever-living sovereign Lord of the Univers ; we acknowledge this great and Almighty being as our Creator, Preserver and constant Benefactor. Right Rev. Father, we rejoice to say we see now that the Christian religion is intended for the good of the Indians as well as the white people ; we see it and do feel it that the religion of the Gospel will make us happy in this and in the world to come. Right Rev. Father. As the head and father of the Holy and Apostolic Church in this state, we entreat you to take a special charge of us. We are ignorant, we are poor, and need your assistance. Come, venerable father and visit your children and warm their hearts by your presence in the things which belong to their everlasting peace." The Bishop calling them, "My children," addressed them a most earnest and loving exhortation, telling them that "The great Father of all hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth ; and hath sent His son Jesus Christ to teach all and to die for them all that they might be redeemed from the power of sin." He besought them to unite with their Missionary in the Prayers of our Apostolic Church, and to receive the Sacraments and ordinances of the Church, and in his wise and practical way also said, "My children, let me exhort you diligently to labor to get your living by cultivating the earth. You will then promote your worldly comfort, you will be more respected among your white brethren, and more united and strong among yourselves." We may in our day lay to heart these words of his Convention address, "The exertions made for the conversion of the Indian tribes have not been so successful, partly because not united with efforts to introduce among them, those arts of civilization, without which the Gospel can neither be understood nor valued." The Indian must be taught and helped to *work* as well as to pray.

The Tribal Government and Some Eminent Oneida Chiefs

The early name given to the meetings of the chiefs was, "The Council Fires." Each Indian tribe was divided into clans. There were among the Oneidas three clans, having for their totems the Bear, the Wolf, and the Turtle. The chiefs were of two classes, hereditary and and council : the former inherited their rank from their mothers. The council chiefs were of later origin and were those who had won recognition for their abilities without respect to their parentage, and were elected to the office by the clan to which they belonged.

The tribe had a republican form of government. The elected officers were called Sachems and councilors. Sachems held office for three years, and Councilors two years. In the olden days there were two councils—the special and the general. The special council was composed of the chiefs only. When questions came up for decision, a general council was called, summoning all the warriors. For these assemblies a runner notified all chiefs, warriors and people, and the councils were held until the tribal organization ceased, and the people became subject to the laws of the State of Wisconsin.

A conspicuous chief was Skenandoah, whose heroic figure stands out so prominently on the side of the English, in the French and Indian wars. The first authentic reference that we have to him bears date of the beginning of the war of 1775. With other chieftains of his tribe he had gone to Albany to be present at a treaty between the Colonial authorities and the Iroquois. He had not as yet felt the touch of any kindly guidance or molding influence, and being a savage of the savages, was revengeful and fierce. From an over-free indulgence in liquor, he found himself one morning in the gutter, despoiled of all his chieftan's ornaments, in fact robbed of almost every stitch of clothing. So chagrined and mortified was he, and his pride so humbled, that he vowed from that day forward no drop of "strong waters" should pass his lips, a determination from which nothing could move him during the sixty remaining years of his life. On one occasion, in his old age, when addressing his people, he is said to have thus adjured them: "Drink no 'strong water.' It makes you mice for the white men who are cats. Many a meal have they eaten of you." During the American Revolution, Skenandoah played an important part. Harold Fredric states that he was present among Herkimer's forces at the battle of Oriskany, and also that he was the avenger who breasted the swollen waters of West Canada Creek, that bleak day in late October of 1781, and killed the

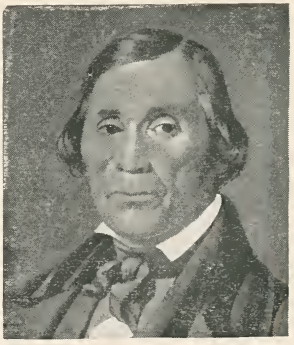
infamous Tory, Walter Butler. He it was who warned the Settlement of German Flats, of the intended descent of Brandt and his Mohawks, and thus saved the inhabitants from massacre by giving them ample opportunity to seek the protecting shelter of Fort Herkimer and Fort Dayton. Washington is said to have commended his services. After the Revolution he was unquestionably first among the Oneida Sachems. Twice his name appears attached to treaties made at Fort Stanwix between the Six Nations and the Government of the United States. Skenandoah was of commanding figure and a man of great eloquence and solid judgment. From his interest and sympathy with the white people, from his fidelity to all his engagements with them, he was distinguished among the Indians by the appellation of the "White man's friend." He became a Christian soon after the establishment of the mission to the Indians by the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, about the year 1764. His Christian character was remarkably strong and well defined, A short time before his death, he thus expressed himself to a friend:— "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged have run away and left me; why I live the Great Good Spirit only knows; pray to my Jesus that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die." Skenandoah died at Oneida Castle on the 11th of March, 1816, aged 110 years. An account of his death was given in the Utica Patriot. The old chief heard prayers read by his great-grand daughter who sat at his bedside, and having again expressed the oft-repeated desire that his body might be laid to rest beside his friend and minister Mr. Kirkland, "that he might cling to the skirts of his garments, and go up with him at the great resurrection." When in 1856 Kirkland's remains were removed to the cemetery of Hamilton College, Skenandoah's body was also transferred thither, so the Christian Minister and the Indian Warrior now sleep side by side in their graves. Above the Chief's resting place the Northern Missionary Society erected a monument, upon which is engraved an inscription commemorating his virtues and noble deeds.

Foremost among the hereditary Oneida chiefs was another Skenandoah, or "Running Deer," the last of the New York chiefs and one of the most famous ones of the West. He was a descendant of the Skenandoah whom we have previously described. It was this later Skenandoah who headed the Oneidas when they came from New York to Wisconsin. In his younger days he was of very striking appearance, being six feet tall and weighing about 200 pounds. A most noted orator

of his tribe, he had much to do with its affairs. He was a delegate to the conference at Albany, N. Y., when the lands of the tribe in that state were sold, and also a representative to Washington when the present Reservation was arranged with the authorities. He was looked up to and had much authority as an adviser of his people ; he retained much personal influence and the respect of the tribe until the last. He died October 6th, 1897, at the age of eighty-six years, and was buried from Hobart Church, the Bishop of the Diocese coming for the occasion. The chief's body lay in state for an hour before the service and hundreds of the tribe came to show their respect for the old chieftain. The scene was beautiful and impressive as the coffin was borne from the Church and carried along the road to the burial ground of the Oneidas, followed by the Bishop, the Clergy, the Choir, and a long procession of men, women and children, singing their Indian hymns. What a change had taken place since with heathen rites they gathered round the Stone. Paganism had disappeared. The Cross had won its victory.

CHIEF SKENANDOAH

Another famous chief of the Oneidas and the most noted of all the Council Chiefs was the great orator Daniel Bread. He was born in New York in the new year 1796. His love of nature early revealed to him many truths, and his young spirit was attuned to all her harmonies, so that he was lead to higher thoughts of life and felt within himself a yearning for a broader vision and a wider action. He keenly watched the Chiefs in Council and stored each word they uttered in his retentive mind. At the age of 16 he was presented at the Council House of the Nation, where his remarkable power of speech won for him the recognition as king of orators.



CHIEF BREAD

By common consent he was elected a Council Chief, an office entirely new to the Nation. During this year he also represented the

Nation at Washington, and by his arguments, and stern eloquence won much regard.

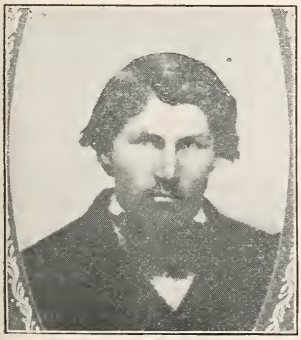
This was but the beginning; from then on, until the end of his career in 1872, he was ever a man of mark and his nation looked up to him as a leader. The story of outraged Indians has never been fully told. They have been cheated and robbed by agents, nor has the Government been free from blame. Efforts have been repeatedly made to take away the lands which had been granted in exchange for their own.

Let us try and imagine the scene of one of the famous Councils as it has been described. Picture the goodly array of Chiefs in coats, more, in blankets and decorated with flowers, wampum and vermillion. No one has brought his weapon of war, but all have come with the pipe, the sacred emblem of peace. They have been called to the council to meet the Governor and receive his proposition to sell their country and go beyond the Mississippi. This involves the removal of the Menomonees and the three remnants of the New York Indians, the Brothertowns, the Stockbridges and Oneidas. They are told they had already agreed in 1831 to sell their country whenever the President wished to purchase. This clause however had been fraudulently inserted after the treaty was signed at Washington. The Brothertown chiefs said their tribe had long since lost their own language and had become so entirely identified with the whites in manners, habits and pursuits that they were reluctant about moving and wished they might be permitted to remain as citizens of the United States. The Stockbridges wished first to examine the country which the President proposed to give them. It is said of the Stockbridges that with their venerable Chief Metoxen at their head, they had for a long time professed Christianity, and every morning and evening during the session of the Council, they sung hymns to the Saviour and offered prayers.

Their quiet behavior was also remarked upon as being in strong contrast with the noise and misconduct of some of the white men. The Oneidas were totally averse to removal. The chiefs of the first Christian party, as the Oneida's were called, did not come to the Council, until they were sent for the third time. And then their speaker, Daniel Bread came into prominence. His speech made at this council shows the dignity of his clear oratory.

"Father: What we have long feared has at last come to us. We have just settled in this country; have hardly laid down the packs from our shoulders and recovered from the fatigue of our journey here, when

you wish us again to remove. It is discouraging. It discourages those that have come, and those behind. Father: The white men are powerful, and they are rich. You can turn the river of the water; you can dig away the mountain, why then do you want the little spot that we have ? It is but a little time since, and we possessed the whole country; now you have gained all but a few spots. Why will you not permit us to remain ? Father : We are thankful for the good example of the white man. They have taught us to cultivate our lands ; we wish to follow that example still; we have felt the effects of removal. It is like a feather blown about by the wind ; we wish to be like those heavy substances which stay in the ground. If we are like the feather, we may soon be blown beyond the Rocky Mountains. Father : we are in great distress. We go to our work, and while cutting down the trees, it seems as if a whip were held over us. Something tells us, 'This is not yours.' Father: You promise us a good country beyond the Mississippi. We are satisfied with the soil and climate where we now are, and besides how can we live in peace with the natives there? In former years, they have had war with our people ; we killed many of them ; blood is yet on the knife. How can we meet them in peace? Father: we have long shown our good feeling to the white man, by giving them room. We have given them lands, until they have a greater country than Great Britian. It is not yet full. Why then will you not suffer us to remain? The white people in our neighborhood do not disturb us ; we wish to live with them still ; we want to remain where we are."



CHIEF HILL

Another interesting figure in the tribe is Chief Cornelius Hill. It is noticeable how the Indians select and train up their chiefs. It was while at school at Nashotah that Cornelius Hill was made a chief of the Bear Clan, when only thirteen years of age. Upon his return to the reservation a national feast was given in his honor at which all the other clans were present. The new chief took the name and the place of one of their oldest chiefs, known as Great Medicine. He was the youngest and cousequently is the last chief of the Oneidas. When about eighteen years of age he began to go with the chiefs to council and received honor from them. For a number of years he was made treasurer of the annuities paid by

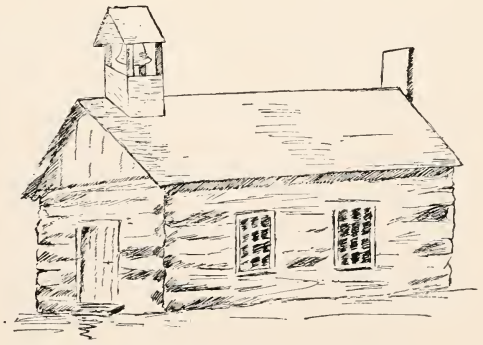
the U. S. Government. He was chosen with one other to take the census of the tribe which in 1856 numbered one thousand. The last census gives us a population of two thousand. Chief Hill was chosen Sachem and held the office for several terms. He was early chosen a delegate to our Church Councils, and he has loyally upheld her Missionaries since the time of Bishop Kemper. When there was some opposition to a Missionary who was opposing the sale of their lands and the removal of the tribe, and some, instigated by the Government agent, made menacing speeches advocating the removal of the Missionary, Chief Hill quietly said, "Well if you do get rid of the Missionary, it will be over my dead body." It was by his brave support that the Missionary was protected, and it is due to both, that the Oneidas remain unmolested in their peaceful homes to-day. In order to show that the Oneidas have not purchased this peace without a struggle we quote from an article written many years ago by Chief Hill, when an attempt was made to remove the Indians farther West, and much pressure was brought to bear upon all the chiefs to sell their lands. He describes the life and manners of his people in the past and shows their steady advancement in the paths of civilization, and then very justly says, "The whites are not willing to give us time to become civilized, but we must remove to some barbarous country as soon as civilization approaches us. The whites claim to be civilized, and from them we must learn the arts and customs of civilized life. The civilization at which I and the greater part of my people aim, is one of truth and honor; one that will raise us to a higher state of existence here on earth, and fit us for a blessed one in the next world. For this civilization we intend to strive—right here where we are—being sure that we shall find it no sooner in the wilds beyond the Mississippi. 'Progress' is our motto, and you who labor to deprive us of this small spot of God's footstool, will labor in vain. We will not sign your treaty; no amount of money can tempt us to sell our people. You say our answer must be given to-day. You can't be troubled any longer with these Council Meetings. You shall have your wish—and it is one that you will hear every time you seek to drive us from our lands—*No.*"

The following pen-picture of two of the older men of the tribe closes the account of our chiefs and great men. Among them were two nearly the same age; they were intelligent, active, industrious and enjoyed the respect and confidence of their people. They were formerly of different clans; the totem of the one being the turtle, of the other, the bear. Some little jealousy was excited, and the turtle chief looked with envious eyes upon his neighbor. The disposition of the bear chief was any-

thing rather than that indicated by his totem—he was mild, peaceable and retiring, and moreover, beloved for his piety as a Christian. Finding that the jealousy of his brother chief was likely to mar the harmony of their public councils he voluntarily signified his intention to act no more as a chief. "Brothers," said he, "you must no longer look upon me as a chief; from this time I wish you to regard me as a little child." He ever afterwards absented himself from the council fire, and would have no voice in public affairs. When, by treaty, he with other chiefs, was to receive five hundred dollars, he refused even to sign the receipt upon which the money could be drawn. He thought the peace and harmony of his tribe, of more account. He had rather be hidden, and esteem others better than himself. There are few white men who might not take a lesson of humility and simplicity from this Oneida chief. The bad side of the Indian has often been painted, and his bravery, endurance and skill often dwelt upon. The poets have told us of the devotion of his love and the fidelity of his friendship. But there is also a very touching beauty of moral perception hidden beneath his rugged nature.

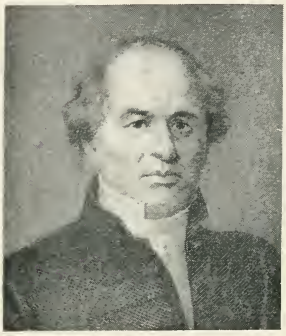
The Church History of the Oneidas

We have with our fondness for the past, lingered among its legends and the stories of its heroes. We wish that we could make others see the vision, and hear the voices of the fading past, but we must hasten on to answer the question rising in our readers' minds. What of the Oneidas to-day? It is no exaggeration to say that the first interest of the tribe centers round its Church, and the church history of these people is most interesting and instructive. On the removal of the Oneidas to Wisconsin one of the first buildings erected by them was a little log Church. Photography was then an almost unknown art, and there is no picture of this first house, built to the glory of God and the service of the people. The



LOG CHURCH—BUILT ABOUT 1822

accompanying sketch was made from a description of it given by one of the very old women of the tribe who can just remember how the building looked. In this building the Oneidas worshipped until a frame Church was built and consecrated by Bishop Kemper in 1839. It was the first Church in Wisconsin, but from this root, poor and humble as it looks, the present strong and healthy work has grown.



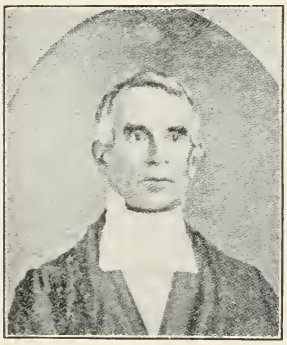
THE REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS
The First Missionary to the Oneidas
1822-1830

The first Missionary to the Indians in Wisconsin, was the Rev. Eleazer Williams. Much romance is interwoven in the story of his life, and from various sources we have gathered the following account of this remarkable man. Mr. Williams was born at St. Regis, New York, near Lake George, May 1788. He was considered to be a descendant of the Rev. Mr. Williams who resided in the frontier village of Deerfield, Mass., which was sacked and plundered in one of the inroads of the Indians on the white settlement, and the wife and children of the minister, who was absent, were carried off as prisoners. Upon his return to a desolate home the distracted father set off immediately in search of his family, but years elapsed before any trace of them was found. When at last he found them the children who had survived were unwilling to return to their own people, and like many other captives they had cast in their lot with their captors by marriage. The children of the marrirge of one of the daughters, Eunice Williams, with a chief of the tribe assumed the name of Williams and from this family Eleazer Williams derived his name and lineage. Williams lived among the St. Regis Indians until the age of fourteen. Early in life he became greatly interested in the work of evangelizing the Indians of New York, and in 1815 desiring to know and understand the teachings of the Episcopal Church went from Oneida, Central New York, to see and take counsel of Bishop Hobart, who received him with great cordiality. In 1822 Mr. Williams led his people from New York to Wisconsin to the lands which the United States Government had set apart for them. He was made a lay reader, catechist and schoolmaster by Bishop Hobart, at the earnest request of the heads of the Nation. On July 18th, 1826, he was ordained a deacon at Vernon, Oneida County, N. Y. During the same year he asked to be

appointed a Missionary to the Oneidas. His request was granted and in August he began his work among them. In addition to his other labors he translated the Prayer Book into the Mohawk tongue, and published an Indian spelling book. An extract from a letter, published in a western paper, says of Mr. Williams, "That his work among the Oneidas was one of lasting benefit to the whole tribe and he is gratefully remembered to-day as the first minister who really taught them as a people the doctrines of Christ." Mr. Williams was a man of exceptional gifts. He wrote music and poetry, and preached excellent sermons of great length and earnestness. In the earlier part of his life he conceived the ambitious scheme of removing the New York Indians to Wisconsin and there organizing them into a great federation, and to accomplish this end he made his first western trip in 1820, but was met by numerous obstacles and obliged to abandon the enterprise. Persisting, however, he persuaded John C. Calhoun to favor the plan, and through his aid he was enabled to make another attempt, this time under Government patronage. It was necessary in order to successfully carry out this scheme of imigration of the New York Indians to obtain the consent of the Menominee and Winnebago tribes, and for this purpose he arranged for a great council at Green Bay. As a preliminary to the treaty the Winnebago warriors entertained the visitors with a great war dance. However at the conclusion of the dance the Winnebagoes departed, and with them vanished the dream of an Indian Empire. A treaty was made with the Menominees which existed several years, but Williams was unable to fulfill his promises, and the treaty was finally broken. The New York Indians thus found themselves in a strange country, without a home. At this time the United States Government concluded a treaty with the Oneidas, giving them 65,000 acres of land in the State of Wisconsin, in consideration of yielding their lands in New York.

About the year 1842 a widespread interest was aroused concerning Mr. Williams. It was claimed that he was the lost Dauphin of France, the son of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette. It was believed that the young Prince had been secretly taken from his prison in Paris, and brought to America by a secret agent of the royal family, and placed in an Indian family in New York. A Frenchman named Belanger stated on his death bed that he had brought the young Prince to America and left him with an Indian family in New York. When his supposed Indian mother was interrogated she refused to state whether or not Eleazer Williams was her own son. Upon looking up records it was

discovered that while the birth of all her other children had been duly recorded, this child's birth had been omitted. As the family were Roman Catholics and very strict in the matter of recording births, it seemed a little singular that this particular child should be forgotten, and the fact went far to corroborate the tale of his royal birth. In later life his resemblance to the Bourbons was very striking, and he also possessed many characteristics of their Princes. In 1841 Prince de Joinville visited America and had an interview with Mr. Williams at Green Bay. According to Mr. Williams' account of the interview, it was said that the Prince told him of his probable origin and tried to induce him to sign a formal abdication of the throne of France. Investigation of the claims brought many interesting facts to light and the affair created intense excitement. Many people of high moral character gave credence to the claim. It was the foundation of many a story, that of "The Lost Prince" in Harper's Magazine being the most interesting. But minute inquiries failed to substantiate his claims. The excitement gradually subsided and Eleazer Williams after a short period of exaltation, went back to his former life, and died in obscurity at St. Regis, August 28th, 1858.



REV. RICHARD CADLE
Missionary 1830 1836

Mr. Williams was succeeded in 1830 by the Rev. Richard F. Cadle, the pioneer Missionary of Wisconsin, who remained with them until 1836. Then the guide of one of the later parties from New York to the West, the Rev. Solomon Davis, or "Priest Davis" as he was generally called was settled over them for eleven years. It was during this time, in 1842, that the Rev. James Lloyd Breck and the Rev. William Adams, the founders of Nashotah House, were advanced to the Priesthood. It was their desire to be ordained in a consecrated Church, but there were at that time only two such buildings in the whole Territory of Wisconsin—the Church of the Oneidas, and the Church at Green Bay. The Ordination took place at Oneida. The journey from Nashotah was made on foot with an occasional lift in a lumber wagon, and occupied four days each way. As a memorial of the event the Indians gave them the old bell "Michael," which for many years hung in an oak tree near the house, and though its position has been

changed, this same bell still calls to duty and prayer at Nashotah House. On their return to Nashotah the Revs. Adams and Breck took with them three Oneida lads, and one of them, the Rev. Cornelius, Hill, has for some time been our Indian Deacon and Interpreter. While we are giving an account of the pioneer missionaries in Wisconsin we may let one of them speak for himself. In the "Gospel Messenger," under date of Dec. 14th, 1836, he thus writes:

"After encountering excessive fatigues and difficulties I reached this place on the evening of the 30th of November. I was confined to my room some time from the excessive exertions it became necessary to make during the last days of my journey. When we entered the Bay we found the navigation closed by the ice, and no possibility of approaching the head of the Bay by vessel. The Captain therefore made Menominee river where the vessel is expected to winter. From that place to the Mission is between sixty and seventy miles by water, and the distance is much increased by following the indentations of the coast. Of course it is a dense wilderness the whole distance. No roads and no alternative but to find my way along the beach on the ice. To add to my difficulties I had my eldest son with me, aged eleven years. For him to walk that distance was entirely out of the question, and to leave him that distance from any white settlement, in the heart of an Indian country, required greater strength of nerve than I possessed. Under the circumstances I obtained an Indian hunting sled, wrapped my son in some Indian blankets and placed him upon the sled. I obtained two stout Indians as guides, and they drew the sled. We exchanged our boots for moccasins, and with some provisions furnished by an Indian woman who became much interested for my little boy, we commenced our journey through immense masses of ice in following the beach, for on the west side of the Bay are extensive swamps, not yet sufficiently frozen to admit our crossing them. We traveled about twenty-five miles the first day and encamped for the night upon the beach.

"It being intensely cold I obtained some cedar boughs on which I lay down, with the snow for my pillow, and the heavens for my covering, and taking my son into my arms drew my cloak close around him. In this manner I passed one of the most painful and anxious nights of my life. The next morning, we commenced our journey again. The loose bodies of ice were now united, sufficiently to bear us, where the day before the ice left large open places. Our guides continued their Indian pace until four o'clock in the afternoon when we came to a small river, on the banks of which we found a white family residing, for the purpose of

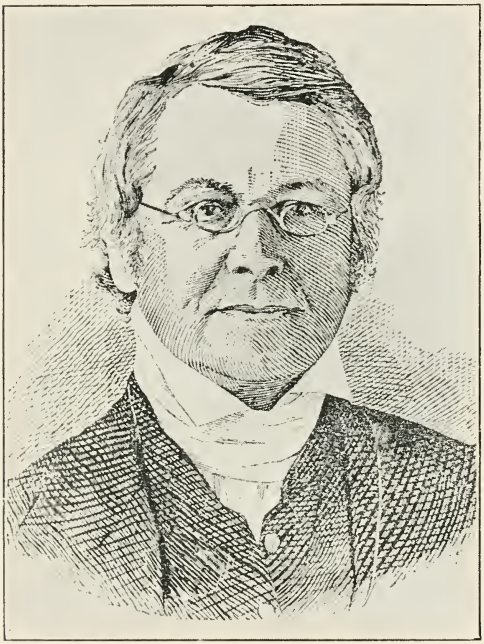
lumbering. Here we obtained a cup of hot coffee, the first warm article that had entered my mouth for two days. Here we remained until the next morning. My feet were much swollen from traveling upon the ice, and were so painful that sleep was impossible through the night, and the next morning the attempt to walk was so painful as to be sickening. Still the thought of being thirty miles from home added to my resolution to attempt it once more. Our guides were resolute to go through, but for me to walk in my crippled condition for thirty miles appeared impossible. But after walking a few miles I found my feet less painful and we continued our journey without interruption until near night, when we approached the village, having walked thirty miles. Here I discharged the guides and drew my son on the sled the rest of the way. At the village I met a friend who kindly took us into his sleigh, and in a short time I was in the arms of my family. The kindness of these poor Indians to us on this occasion was most gratifying, particularly the Indian woman mentioned. Although she could not speak a word of English she saw our situation and did everything in her power to assist us. She obtained the guides for us, provided moccasins, showed us how to guard against freezing, provided such provisions for us as we had, and actually drew a pair of mittens from the hands of her son and put them on to my son's hands, over a pair he had already on. And when I offered her money to compensate for her kindness she refused, and replied to me through an interpreter, that she could not receive any compensation, for she might, she knew not how soon, want assistance, and if I never had an opportunity to repay her, if I would do it to any of her people whom I might find in distress it was all she asked of me. Noble, philanthropic woman! Though she is of the tawny children of the forest, wild and uncultivated with no distinct ideas of God, of a Saviour, or of the Gospel salvation, still she has a better title to the appellation of the Good Samaritan than thousands who never think of these people but as beings unworthy of the least regard, as savages fit only to be annihilated. I trust and pray that in that day when Jesus Christ shall make up His jewels, a far more glorious reward will be allotted her than could be rendered in this life."

It is a matter of much regret to the compiler of this book that there is so little data to be obtained of the work done by the Revs. Cadle, Davis and Haff. But from the old pages of the Gospel Messenger we gather the following notes of those good men. Rev. Solomon Davis writes June 1st, 1836: "This day was spent in visiting and in religious conversation among my parishioners. On approaching a house, at about the

going down of the sun, I distinctly heard a person at prayer. I waited at the door till the Amen was pronounced when, on entering, it proved to be the mistress of the family offering up her evening sacrifice. How gratifying and cheering to the soul to find one of my dear people thus employed."

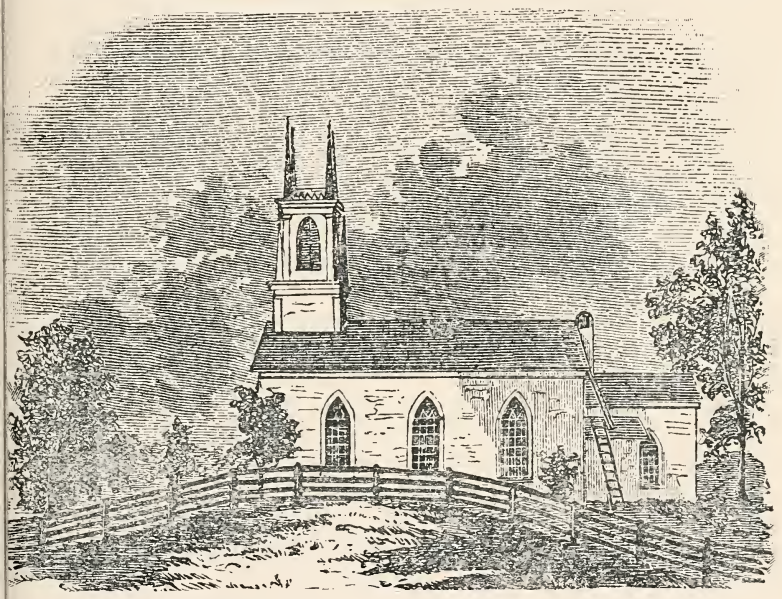
There is a temper and spirit truly Christain in the following, from the letter of the Rev. Solomon Davis. They who thus take "joyfully the spoiling of their goods" for Jesus' sake, will not lose their reward, let the world frown as it may. "Dec. 9th, 1837: While at Green Bay yesterday, with a view of forwarding my missionary report by the Chicago mail, I received the unwelcome intelligence of the destruction of my dwelling house by fire. On my return to the Mission I find that not only the house but nearly all it contained is reduced to ashes. My library, of about 500 volumes, is entirely destroyed, as is even our wearing apparel, etc. The fire took from the chimney and the wind being very high, the work was quickly done. The property (though of little value) which we regard as belonging to our committee is safe, viz., the Missionary, his wife and daughter, and, by the blessing of God, are in good health and spirits." In another letter dated Sept. 16th, 1841, Mr. Davis writes concerning the Oneidas: "Their customs and peculiarities after a lapse of twenty years (during which period the present Missionary has been among them) have finally been made to disappear, and their advancement in civilization is beyond that of any other tribe within my knowledge. They are becoming an agricultural people, with fairly comfortable homes. They have, also, a Church edifice, in good taste, and possessing all the requisites for a worshiping assembly. Divine service is well attended and everything pertaining thereto done 'decently and in order.' Nearly one hundred out of a population of five hundred souls are professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ." In August 1838, Bishop Kemper paid his first visit to Oneida, the occasion being the laying of the corner-stone of a new Church soon to be built. This was the first ceremony of the kind that the Indians had ever seen, and no small interest was manifested by them. A large number of chiefs and warriors went on horseback and met the Bishop about five miles from the Mission. When they met, the Indians were told by Chief Daniel Bread that "They were now in the presence of their spiritual father, who had no doubt been sent by the Good Spirit to see his red children, the Oneidas, and to do them good." The Indians, at this presentation, uncovered their heads and bowed most respectfully. They hen ope ned ranks, and the Bishop and Clergy passed through and were

escorted to the Church. The Services began by chanting the Te Deum in the Indian language. At the close of the Service the congregation formed in a procession, and with the Bishop and Clergy went to the site of the new Church, which was on an elevation overlooking the settlement. The services at this place were solemn and impressive. The deposits were placed in a tin box under the stone by the chief orator of the tribe. A memorandum was placed with other documents as follows: "This corner-stone was laid on the seventh day of August, A. D. 1836, by the Rt. Rev. Father in God, Jackson Kemper, Bishop of Missouri and Indiana, the first Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States." Four of the chiefs then took hold of the stone at each corner, and placed it in position. The Gloria in Excelsis was sung and after an address by the Rev. Richard Cadle the Service closed with the Bishop's benediction. In the following year Bishop Kemper again visited Oneida for the purpose of consecrating the First Episcopal Church in the Territory of Wisconsin. This consecration took place on September 2nd, 1839. The service was indeed most interesting. The Bishop accompanied by the Missionary, the Rev. Solomon Davis, was received at the door of the Church by the chiefs of the nation. After being seated within the chancel the instrument of donation was presented to him by four of the oldest chiefs in the tribe, each taking hold of it by the corner, and in this manner placing it in the hands of their chief spiritual Father. After being read by



RT. REV. BISHOP KEMPER
(From a photograph taken about the year 1838)

the Missionary, it was returned to the Bishop and placed by him upon the Altar. The Bishop then performed the usual consecration service, certain portions of which were interpreted to the Indians. At the close of the service the chiefs and head men of the nation came in front of the chancel, each placing his hand, as he came up, upon the shoulder of the other, and in this way forming a half circle in the presence of the Bishop. The Missionary stood in the center, and the Chief nearest to



HOBART CHURCH—BUILT IN 1839

him on each side placed a hand upon his shoulder, while he read in their behalf the following address :

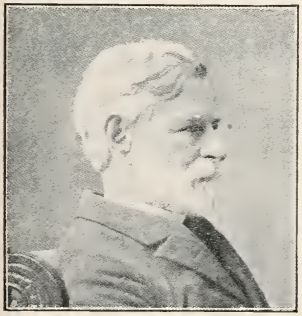
To the Right Reverend Father in God, Jackson Kemper, D. D.: "Right Reverend Father: The chiefs of the Oneidas cannot suffer you to depart from their nation without expressing their sincere thanks for your kindness in visiting them at this time. The journey of our father has been long. His children are thankful that the Great Spirit has brought him through it in safety. His presence has made our hearts glad. We will long remember the solemn services of this day. Our house is now 'holy place.' It is duly prepared. It is made sacred to the wor-

ship of the Great and Eternal Spirit. Right Reverend Father : It is a matter of joy to us that the good work is done. But your children will not stop here. It shall be our endeavor to go on and do as you have told us to do. Here, from time to time, we will come. We will bring our families with us. We will try to worship the God of Christians with sincere hearts. By hearing the good words of the Gospel we may learn how to live well, and how thus we may finally be prepared to die well—our days may end in peace. Right Reverend Father : Your children now feel that they are brought very near to you. The Great Council of the Church has granted our heart's desire. It was our choice that as God's chief minister, you should preside over us. Our wishes are gratified. The decision of the Great Council was good news in our ears Could we sit near their council-fire when it is lighted up again, we would thank them with one heart and one voice for what they have done. Right Reverend Father : You will be there. Thank them for your children. Right Reverend Father : We are now about to do what we could not do when last you visited us. A chain of friendship is to be formed, which we trust will never be broken. We now extend to you the hand of the nation. We acknowledge you, and will hereafter hold on to you as our lawful Bishop. Our eyes will turn to you, and to you alone, for counsel and advice in all our spiritual affairs. May the chain now thrown around us, never become dim. May it bind us together in peace and friendship, as long as life shall last. Father, your children will take care to keep it bright. This is all they have to say."

The Bishop then took the Missionary by the hand (the chiefs still keeping their position) and replied as follows : " My children : I deeply feel the solemnities and responsibilities of this moment. It has afforded me much pleasure to visit you and to consecrate your neat and handsome Church to the worship of Almighty God. My children : I have beheld with pleasure your dwellings, barns and farms, and am convinced that if you persevere in your honest, temperate and industrious habits, your earthly comforts, under the blessing of our Heavenly Father, will constantly increase. My children : I cordially unite myself to you as your Father in the Lord, and fervently pray that the blessing of the Great Spirit may ever rest upon this nation. I will always endeavor to keep bright the chain of friendship now formed. Here may we often worship God together as brothers in sincerity and truth, and hereafter, where there will be no more sin, or pain or death, may unite in praises and thanksgiving which will never end. May God bless you, my children. Farewell."

Our last extract from the Gospel Messenger gives us this description of a cottage service in the early days at Oneida. "Our visit was to the home of old Margaret Skenandoah, the daughter of the Oneida Chief Skenandoah, who was known as the friend of Washington. She lives by herself in a little cottage, attended by some of her children and grandchildren, who provide for her necessities. About thirty of her neighbors had gathered to receive with her the Blessed Sacrament. The little congregation was seated, some on chairs or chests ranged about the side of the room, and others upon a bed in the corner. A table stood in the center of the room, covered with a white cloth and had upon it the sacred vessels. Old Margaret, with her hair of silvery beauty, sat in a chair, wrapped in a show white blanket. The rest of her costume consisted of the general apparel worn by the Oneida women, with leggins and beaded moccasins. On either side of her, in picturesque solemnity, were seated a group of women enveloped in white blankets. The floor was scoured to utmost cleanness, and a faggot fire in the open fire-place added a warmth to the chilly day. The service began with a hymn sung in the Indian language ; a prayer was offered in Oneida, a short address followed, which was interpreted. The Communion Service was in English, and after another hymn, the communicants present knelt around the little Altar and received with great reverence the Sacrament, after which the concluding prayers were said, the Gloria in Excelsis sung and the Benediction pronounced. The meek and quiet spirit which pervaded this Oneida cottage service was a blessed evidence of its sincere Christian devotion."

In the year 1847 the Rev. F. R. Haff succeeded the Rev. Solomon Davis as Missionary to the Oneidas, and was in charge of the Mission until 1852. Father Haff is still a working priest in the Diocese, revered and loved by his old Indian congregation, but his treasury of reminiscences, by his love of hiddenness and self-effacement, is closed to us.



THE REV. F. R. HAFF
[Missionary 1847-1852

On October 16th, 1853, Rev. Edward A. Goodnough succeeded Rev. F. R. Haff as Missionary to the Oneida Indians, which position he held until his death, a period of thirty-six years, during which time he never failed to perform his duties each Sunday, save three times, when

sickness prevented him from so doing. He began his labors in the little frame church built in 1839. Mr. Goodnough, although of a retiring disposition was a man of staunch purpose and devoted his life to the spiritual growth and temporal welfare of his people. He was to them a father, friend and priest; a sharer in all their joys, and a comforter in times of sorrow. He taught them in a spirit of love and sympathy and so won them to a higher life. During his long stay among them the Indians were encouraged to speak the English language and adopt the manners and customs of the white people. Frame buildings began to be erected, and improved farm machinery used in the cultivation of the land. The Women's Guild was organized and did much good work for the support of the Church. The inception of a much needed new stone Church was brought about by his untiring energy, for the old Church had suffered the glorious but remarkable experience of being "worn out." The Indians had indeed done all in their power to keep the old Church in repair. At one time when they had long been waiting for sufficient snow to go into the woods for lumber, they took advantage of the first good sledding to draw logs to the mill. Although the earnings of the day's work were greatly needed by them, seventy-five poor Indians brought *all* they received as an offering to the Church to help re-shingle it. The Indian women picked blackberries and made rush mats, and then walked miles to sell them for the Church. Work on the new building was begun in 1870, and it is due to Mr. Goodnough's efficient aid and persistency that the plans were carried out in spite of many obstacles, hindrances, vexing opposition and disappointments. The Indians were greatly interested in the project, and gave time and labor in quarrying stone, hewing and hauling timber to the site of the contemplated building. At one time eighty men pledged themselves to give every Monday to this work. Festivals were held from time to time, the proceeds of which went into the ever increasing fund for the new Church. The amount raised was about $200 a year, which was deposited in a bank at Green Bay. In 1884 about 300 cords of stone had been quarried and hauled to the grounds, much of the needed timber was on hand, and the savings amounted to nearly $3,000.

THE REV. E. A. GOODNOUGH
Missionary 1853–1890

The building contract had just been signed when the bank at Green Bay failed, and the consecrated savings of years were lost. The outlook was discouraging, but Mr. Goodnough succeeded in interesting many in his cherished plan, and assistance came in from various sources until the sum of $5,000 was raised and so the work went on. On July 13th, 1886, the corner stone was laid by the Right Reverend John Henry Hobart Brown, first Bishop of the Diocese of Fond du Lac. So many and bitter had been the disappointments of the Indians that it was hard to realize that the long looked for event was actually to take place, until it was known that the Bishop had arrived at Oneida. At half past ten the people assembled at the Mission House, and were marshalled by their chief, Cornelius Hill, in four divisions, under beautiful banners which had been sent for the occasion from the Cathedral. An immense congregation was present and a large number received the Holy Communion. Immediately after the service in the Church the people and clergy walked around the foundation, singing appropriate psalms. The Bishop having laid the corner stone, made a brief address, commending the tribe for their faith and patience with which they had labored and waited for this day. He dwelt on the goodness of God in condescending to have an abode on earth, and pointed out the gracious uses of his holy places. Chiefly he enjoined the people to remember that their sacred temple was a monument of the Incarnation of their Saviour.

RT. REV. BISHOP BROWN

All through the summer and autumn the work on the Church was pushed on rapidly, the Indians giving their labor day after day. As

Christmas drew near their desire to use the Church for which they had toiled and waited for the last sixteen years. became so intense that Mr. Goodnough begged Bishop Brown to come and dedicate it. At six o'clock on Christmas eve the Church was filled. The Benediction service was said partly at the door and partly at the chancel. The Bishop preached the sermon congratulating the people on the success of their sacrifices and toils. On Christmas morning a large congregation thronged the new Church. The Holy Communion was celebrated, nearly two hun-

HOBART CHURCH
(Corner stone laid in 1886. Church opened Christmas of the same year.)

dred persons receiving. Taken all in all, it was a wonderful service and scene. The offertory amounted to nearly fifty dollars. A simple but beautiful token of their love for their spiritual father was given by the tribe. One of the Missionary's daughters was lately stricken with paralysis and brought back to her father's home. After the Christmas eve service a little basket was placed in the Missionary's hand. The Bishop opened it and found that it contained two bags of money and the inscription "Merry Christmas for Miss Alice." It moved the heart of the Missionary most deeply and added much to the great joy which the blessed feast had brought to him and his loved people. So long as Hobart Church stands it will be the monument of the prayers, labors and self-sacrifice of this devoted man. Mr. Goodnough was not without the severe trials which God allows to perfect the character of his servants. There was for a time a strong party under the domination of those who sought to remove the Oneidas from their reservation. This faction was

determined that the Church should not be built. The first step was to get the Missionary out of the way. For as they said, "We can do nothing with the Indians as long as Goodnough is here." And so they resorted to all kinds of petty annoyances, and so far succeeded in making a party against him, that the little he received from the Church and Government was withdrawn. His sole support for a number of years came from the faithful Indians alone. When as a final calamity the Mission House was burned, "Now," they said, "they were sure the Missionary would have to go!" No, the poor old school house was left, and became a shelter for the Missionary and his family from March to August. Crowded indeed were the quarters and scanty and poor the fare. Money in those days was not plentiful in the Missionary's home, yet by rigid economy he was enabled to add his mite to the dear Church. The carpet, credence, two chancel windows and four in the nave were his own personal gifts. The sweetness of his Christian character is shown in the report made to his Bishop when the new Church was built. "The stone Church has been completed. This work has occupied our thoughts and our energies, for the half of a generation. We feel deeply thankful to God for His gracious goodness to us in permitting us to behold this solid structure standing here, a witness of His loving kindness towards us, His unworthy servants. We are truly thankful to our Father in God, who has gently led us on, step by step, and has so faithfully taught us to work on in patience and peace, leaving results to Him who knows how and when to reward His poorest and most obscure servants. We heartily thank all those beloved children of our Heavenly Father who have aided us with their money and their prayers, without whose aid it would likely have been impossible for us to have built this house. We have it in our hearts also to thank those who have felt it to be their duty to oppose and hinder our work of building this Church, because the harder labor their hindrances imposed upon us, has made it all the more dear to us, and awakened a zeal and a trust in and for God in our hearts which can never be quenched by any devices of the evil one."

A little anecdote shows also his wonderful patience with those who do not readily change old ideas and customs. During the early part of Mr. Goodnough's ministry the services of the Church were read from the Mohawk Prayer Book. Some years before his death Mr. Goodnough suggested to the chiefs and head men in the Church that the service be read in English, saying, when they were ready, the change would be made. *Eighteen* years after, they came to him to say that after careful consideration they had decided to make this change.

He died on St. Paul's day, January 25th, 1890, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The funeral took place from Hobart Church on Tuesday, January 28th. The Church was filled with Indians, whose genuine signs of grief bore evidence of their great love for their friend and pastor, and later found expression in the erection of a handsome monument, costing about $250, the entire gift of the Indians. The inscription on the monument well expresses the deserved honor of this noble Missionary of the Church :

"*Beneath this stone, awaiting the Resurrection, lies the body of*

EDWARD AUGUSTUS GOODNOUGH

FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS PASTOR AND FRIEND OF THE ONEIDAS."

"*I have fought the good fight.*"

"*I thank my God for every remembrance of thee.*"

"*This stone of remembrance is erected by his grateful children in the Lord, the Indians of Hobart Church, Oneida.*"

REV. SOLOMON S. BURLESON
Missionary 1891–1897

The Rev. Solomon S. Burleson took charge of the work at Oneida in April 1891. Mr. Burleson, having made several visits to the Reservation before accepting the position as Missionary, saw many things to be done. He therefore went to Washington and presented the needs of the people to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and it was through his representation that the Government boarding school was established, and the bridge built over Duck Creek. The Mission grounds also were made attractive, and the house remodeled without and within, the necessary funds being furnished by the Bishop of the Diocese. The great need of a resident physician was sadly evident at the time of Mr. Burleson's coming. But having studied medicine, previous to taking Holy Orders, he was enabled with the help of a small grant by the Government for a supply of medicine, to give medical attendance to those who needed care. He was also the dentist, and his knowledge of law fitted him to give advice to his people upon all matters of a legal nature. He was a man of resolute will and quick to see and carry out any plans for the advancement of the mission work. In the first year of his residence he had repeated calls to attend sick people, and during

the cold winter months he traveled miles over rough roads to visit those who were lying ill, many of them in homes unfitted for their recovery. I wonder if our readers can imagine what must be the visit of him who is both doctor and missionary, in a country where the thermometer frequently registers twenty below zero, and when the snow sometimes lies on a level with the tops of the fences. The following extracts from his letters give an account of some of his labors: "From Christmas to Epiphany I slept in a bed only six times, the rest of the nights were spent by the side of sick beds. Pity it is that my sixty years are beginning to unfit me in some ways for the work which I would willingly do. The hard part is that I cannot trust any of them to do the nursing, but must tend to it myself. Churchmen, Methodists, and Romanists, I attend alike. Some of them manifest gratitude, some do not. Perhaps it matters little, but when one gives all that is in him to help another's sufferings, a little gratitude goes a great ways . . . . And yet, there comes to me the memory of the words of a brave, faithful, little woman, who, after a fearful operation, laid her hand upon my shoulder and said, "Dear father, do you think the good Father in Heaven will let me live?" When I told her that I trusted He would, she said: "Then you will thank Him in *my* house, and tell Him when I am well enough, I go thank Him in *His*" . . . . Or again, another incident, when just after Christmas, I was attending *Z.* X., who was suffering from congestion of the lungs and erysipelas. The fact that he had been in a saloon fight only makes it all the more certain that it was *Z.* I had taken care of him all night, and just as it was getting daylight, he passed his hand under his pillow, and drew out a Prayer Book, which he held suggestively. I asked him if he would like me to have prayers with him. Conceive of my surprise to receiving in answer an empathetic "You bet!" After my prayers he looked up and said: "Your medicine, that is good; but your prayer, that is better" . . . . "The thermometer registered twenty degrees below zero this morning when I was called to go and see a child sick with pneumonia. It is a desperate case. Eight in the family, one room, cooking, washing, etc., done there, doors and walls reeking with moisture, ice on the bottom of the window-panes an inch thick, the air of the room suffocating, partly from the foulness, partly from vapor, and a case of pneumonia which they expected that 'the doctor' was going to cure at once. This is a sample case of many, and you will not wonder that I sigh from the depth of my heart for a decent place where the suffering can have a fair chance for life. I am well aware that Hospitals cannot be erected and sustained without money, a commodity

which missionaries never have in excess, but if any one desires to enjoy an honest heart-ache, I can furnish him an opportunity in the homes of these poor Indians at any time when it is too cold for them to sleep out of doors."

ONEIDA HOSPITAL

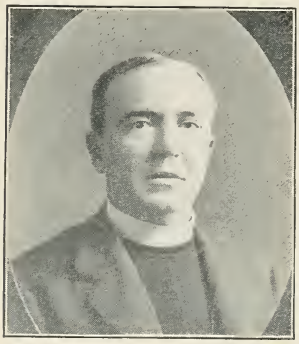
It was out of such a need as this that the Oneida Hospital grew. The experiences of the winter when this letter was written made plain the need of it, and so the Missionary's youngest daughter laid away thirty-six cents, with which to start a building fund. In a little over a year God sent to the Missionary more than fifteen hundred dollars, and when the corner stone of the Hospital was laid on St. John Baptist's Day, June 24, 1893, among other things placed in it, was a sealed envelope containing that first thirty-six cents. In the Spring of 1895 the work of adding the new chancel to the Church was begun, and Mr. Burleson was untiring in his efforts to further the plans and aiding the work, on one occasion sitting up all night to keep a fire that the wet plastering might not freeze. The work was finished in 1896 and the chancel was used for the first time on the Feast of the Annunciation. A new and dignified Altar was given and lastly there was presented a beautiful Communion Service of silver, and the inscription on the under side of the paten gives the name of Oneida's generous benefactor. "The Chancel, Altar, Credence, Chalice and Paten are given to Hobart Church to the Glory of God and in reverent memory of Joanna Caroline Lewes, who for a period of forty years was a contributor to the Mission—Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos."

Great and noble as was the work of Mr. Burleson, yet he worked not alone, for every member of the Mission household was both an efficient and untiring laborer. There was the devoted wife, Ya-gon-donh, "she who is good to the poor," as the Indian women called her, and their Guild Mother, giving her time faithfully and thoroughly to the work of carrying on this part of Christian service by wise counsel and

helpful hands. Of their children there were five sons, all now in Holy Orders. One was the regular assistant to his father, and the others gave much time and work at the Mission. The three daughters, one teaching the Mission School, and the other two ably assisting both father and mother, truly a wonderful Missionary family. For six years Mr. Burleson was priest, physician and adviser of the Oneida Nation. In the latter years his health failed and for two years he suffered intensely from the inroads of disease, but with incredible determination he would go miles over rough and dangerous roads, where every jolt meant acute agony, to visit some sick person who could not have a physician. He went regularly to his Church duties notwithstanding his illness, and putting all thought of his own misery aside, he went forth bravely to heal the anguish of others. Another man of less noble character would have sunk under the strain on mind and body, but Mr. Burleson never faltered in the line of duty. On the 19th of December, 1896, he was unable to leave his bed, but on Christmas Day, with the last display of that indomitable resolution which was his, he was carried to the Church and celebrated the Holy Communion and gave the Sacrament with his own hands for the last time. On February 22, 1897, he entered peacefully into life eternal. His funeral was held on the 26th. It was a blessed Christian burial with no trappings of woe, and few signs of grief, save the tears of his red children as they followed his body to the grave, chanting their Oneida funeral hymns. He was buried in the place he chose, on the crest of the hill overlooking the Reservation, and the gray granite cross which marks the spot, as well as the red corner stone of the Hospital, are "Stones of Remembrance" of him who for thirty-three years was a Missionary of the Church of God, and for six years the Father, Physician and Friend of the Oneida people.

BURLESON MONUMENT

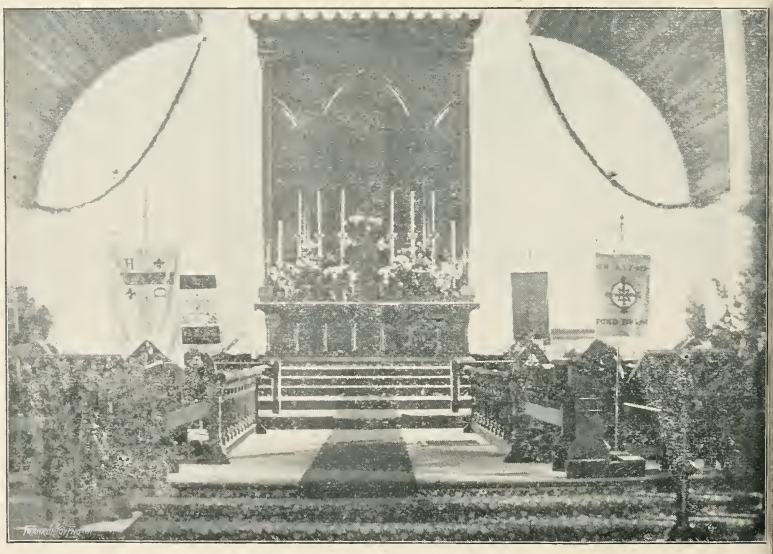
In May, 1897, the Rev. F. W. Merrill, the present Missionary, entered upon the work, and it has been his privilege to see the completion of the work so dear to his noble-hearted predecessors, the completion and consecration of the stately and dignified Hobart Church. The consecration was the fruit of years. It was the crowning act of labors begun long ago in what was then a wilderness. Oneida is historic ground and has



THE REV. F. W. MERRILL
The Present Missionary

been justly called "The cradle of the Church in the North West." Twelve years before Bishop Kemper came, eighteen years before Nashotah was thought of, Christian Indians, under a priest of their own blood, were using the ancient Liturgy and Prayers in the old log Church. To the Church of the Oneidas long afterwards (but still fifty years in the past,) Adams and Breck walked from Nashotah to be made priests by the Apostolic Kemper.

The log Church, and the frame building which took its place, have now disappeared. The large stone structure, the result of many years of patient self-denial was at last set apart to the perpetual service of Almighty God. The preparations for the consecration showed that the spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal for the honor of God's House still remained among the Oneidas. "My house first, and then God's" is not an Oneida motto, and their stately,



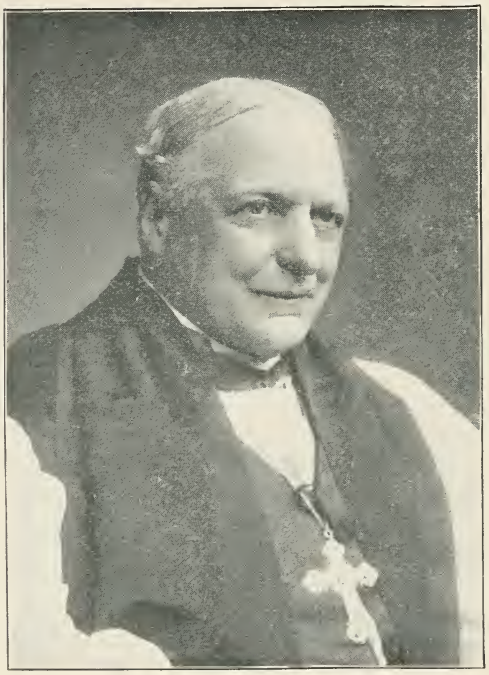
CHANCEL OF THE CHURCH

well-appointed Church building is just the reverse of what is too often seen in comparatively wealthy parishes. On the 27th day of October, 1897, the Church was ready for consecration. The walls and ledges were outlined with green garlands. In each window was placed a miniature tree. The floor was covered with cedar twigs ; it gave the effect of a mossy carpet, and filled the Church with the fragrance of nature's incense. The new choir seats were made of oak. The Reredos and handsome Credence were memorial gifts from the people, the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese, of the Rev. Solomon S. Burleson. On the Altar stands a simple Cross. It is of wood only, rather unimposing in its size and design, and at first glance looks out of keeping with its surroundings, but, on account of its associations, it will never be replaced by another. It is the old Altar Cross of St. George's in East London. During the stormy scenes of the riots there many years ago, it was torn from its place by the mob, and rescued from the street by Mr. Paget, and given by his wife to Bishop Brown, with the hope expressed that it might find some quiet resting place, and so it came to Oneida.

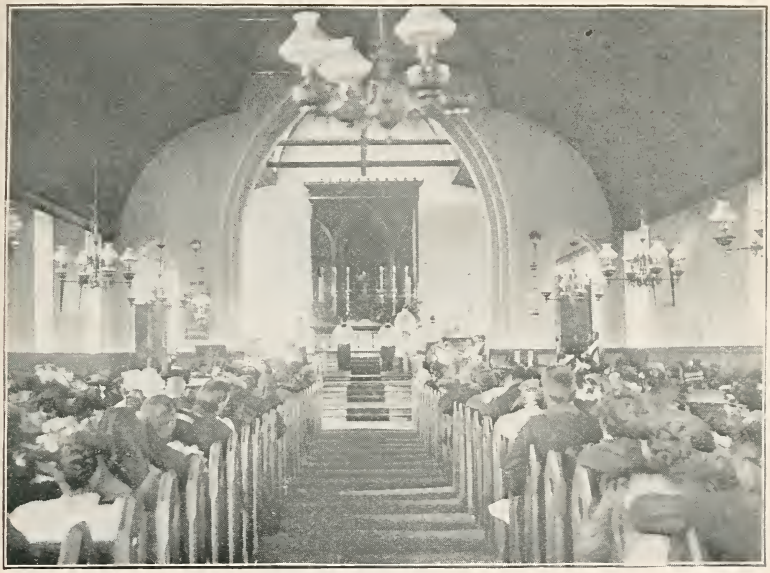
ALTAR CROSS
From St. George's Church, London

The consecrator of the Church was the present Bishop of Fond du Lac, the Rt. Rev. Charles C. Grafton. On his arrival at the Church, he was received by the Wardens and Vestry. The scene in and around the Church, as the Bishop knocked for admittance, was most impressive. The large vested choir, headed by the Bishop and Clergy, proceeded up the aisle repeating the 24th Psalm. Such a congregation is rarely seen in an American Church. Here were gathered fully one thousand Indians, all dutiful and tractable and devoted to the Church with a childlike faith. After the Rite of Consecration, there was a solemn procession of the choir, the Clergy and Bishop around the whole interior of the Church, singing hymns in the Indian language. The Bishop was Celebrant and Preacher. His sermon was beautiful in its simplicity, the subject being "The Church—Man's meeting-place with God." The most impressive musical feature of the service was the singing of the Te Deum in the Oneida language at the close, as an act of thanksgiving. It was sung, as has been always customary

as a solo by the leader of the choir, and between the verses the entire congregation joined in a three-fold Alleluia. After the service the Bishop, sitting in his chair before the chancel. received the tribe. Hundreds passed him in little less than an hour. Young men and women, mothers with babes in their arms, tottering old age and toddling infants, all stopping a moment to clasp the Bishop's hand and for a word of blessing. Such were the ceremonies attending the completion of Hobart Church, or as it was called in the sentence of consecration, "The Church of the Holy Apostles." How Cadle, Davis, Goodnough, and Burleson would have rejoiced to see the seed they planted and watered with their tears, now a noble tree for the shelter of God's children. One might ask why build so large a Church in this far away part of the Mission field? The answer is that the Church is none too large for the congregation. On Festivals it is filled to its utmost capacity and there is a large congregation on all ordinary Sundays. When we remember that in order to go to Church, the Indians have not to walk a few blocks, or ride in the cars as city folks do, but come from many miles and often on foot, the large, regular attendance speaks well for their Christian principles. Among the twelve hundred who belong to the Church, there are four hundred communicants, and all on the Reservation are Baptized. They form an excellent body of Churchmen as loyal to their Church, and as faithful in their Christian lives as any congregation in the land.



RT. REV. BISHOP GRAFTON



THE ONEIDAS AT CHURCH

THE ONEIDA RESERVATION OF TO-DAY

ITS WORK AND ITS NEEDS

The Church's work among these Indians is the double one of helping them in their advancing civilization, and educating them into greater self reliance and self support. It also seeks to prepare them to exercise intelligently their full rights of approaching citizenship, and to develop that spiritual and moral Christian character that elevates work into duty and pours its blessed sunshine into every department of life. This is the aim of the present Missionary to the Oneidas. A large and substantial Church, a Hospital, and School are the plant of our Mission at Oneida. They are monuments of the labors of those who have gone before. The work now, is to make the best use of these institutions and spread the principles which they represent in other directions, that they may come into closer touch with the mass of the people. First let us speak of the Oneida Hospital. The good work that has been done at our Hospital is beyond description. One must see it for himself to appreciate its priceless value to the sick, aged and poor of this nation. The Hospital was opened on the first day of January 1898, and the work began as a venture of faith. Since that time, with no pledged support we have gone on doing what we could for our suffering ones. Our faith has not been

NURSE LAVINIA CORNELIUS

unrewarded. God has opened the hearts and hands of His people so that they have been ready to give to our necessities, and we have never been obliged to refuse a single applicant who needed our care. During this time we have received many patients, some coming for long and others for a short period of time. We opened the Hospital with Miss Lavinia Cornelius, a graduate of Hampton Normal Institute, and the New Haven Training School for Nurses. She remained with us until Sept. 1st, 1899, when she received an appointment at the Government Boarding School. We were fortunate to have another Oneida nurse in Miss Nancy Cornelius, a graduate of Carlisle and of the Hartford Training School for Nurses. She entered upon Hospital duty Sept. 5, 1899, and is still performing faithfully her arduous duties. Most useful is the work which is being done by this faithful daughter of Oneida. We wish we could here afford space for a full list of our benefactors, but they will all be pleased to know something of the work that has been accomplished through their generosity. The year 1898 was closed free from debt, and with such gifts and contributions placed at our disposal is due the careful management of our nurse that the work attendant upon the care of twenty-five patients could be performed. In 1899 the year began with an empty treasury, and without any guaranteed income, but relying solely upon the charity of Oneida's friends, we were able to provide comfort and medical attendance for all who needed it. Since the 12th of January 1901, we have

NURSE NANCY CORNELIUS

had the valuable services of a resident physician, Dr. Zilpha Wilson of the Northwestern University, Chicago. During the first six months, our Doctor made 131 visits, and prescribed for 312 office patients, and in most cases she furnished the medical supplies to her patients. The service that Doctor Wilson has been able to render in many homes of the Oneidas, has grown beyond record, and none but God can know the depth of our gratitude for her quiet, faithful and successful labors in alleviating the sufferings of her many patients. We are looking forward to the day when the Oneidas will have one of their own nation as their physician. Through the generosity of friends, a scholarship has been provided at the Milwaukee Medical College for this young Oneida. Mr. Josiah Powless was born at Oneida twenty-eight years ago; he attended the district school on the Reservation until he was fourteen years of age, he then went to Carlisle and remained in that institution for six years, earning for himself a splendid record as a student and for his high moral character and attractive personality. The same characteristics have marked his first year in the Medical College, and both in class work and in his final examinations he received excellent standings. We feel sure that for the rest of his course we shall find him a satisfactory student, and in the end a faithful physician.

HOSPITAL PHYSICIAN

EDUCATIONAL WORK

The Mission School

Our little Mission School, of which the daughter of the Missionary is the teacher, has for its special purpose the bringing of our children under the influence of the Church. This is what of course they cannot have at the Government School. Besides the children must live at the latter place, which takes them away from home for nine months in the year. The Reverend Mr. Goodnough instituted the Mission School many years before the Government made any provision for the education of the Oneida children. The older people who had been educated under his devoted care were greatly pleased when the school was put again under the charge of the Church at the beginning of the school year 1898. The building which for many years had been without repair, had become both dilapidated and untidy and was so old and worn as to be unfit for use. Through a generous gift of $300 from the Bishop of the Diocese, the building was completely renovated. The interior of the school was made to present a very attractive appearance, with new wall maps and pictures. The large front room is fitted up attractively, and is used for meetings of the girls' guild, and during the winter months as a public reading room and

JOSIAH POWLESS
Medical Student.

lecture hall. Every Thursday morning the school children attend the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist at the Church, and they have been taught to sing devotional and simple hymns appropriate for this Service. They devote the rest of the morning to religious instruction. We are sure that our readers will not think all Indian children dull and uninteresting after seeing this group of bright and merry little people of Oneida. Some of them are such pretty brunettes, others have brown hair and blue or gray eyes, and they are as merry hearted and happy a group of school children as you can find anywhere. Their expression and grasp of English is both picturesque and amusing, and sometimes beyond one's power to understand. When a present pupil of Hampton was struggling over our wet, muddy roads one day in early Spring, she was naturally late at school and excused her tardiness by explaining, "I had to cross so many little waters;" a phrase that would have delighted our own Longfellow and vastly more poetic than "stalking through mud-puddles." By that curious something in our brains that gives a twist to a half understood word, this same pretty child wrote a page or two about the "*Conversation* of S. Paul," when January brought the festival of that Saint's conversion. As a rule Indians prefer phonetic spelling, and so simple the word "is" was spelled "s. is," in tone of triumph and with a toss of a small foot, while the word "thread" got strangely mixed with "breath" and came forth as "threath." Books, slates and blackboards, however, do not rule uninterruptedly. Witness the transformation wrought by the advent of St. Nicholas. The famous lover of children deals with no stinted hand when he visits the Reservation, but unpacks yellow oranges, pink and white cornballs and bags of candy more profusely than is shown in the picture, besides multitudes of dolls, (of which there cannot be too many),

TEACHER OF THE MISSION SCHOOL

books, pictures, color-boxes, transparent slates, with all the gifts expected and unexpected, that go to make up a generous pack for the Saint's willing back and threatens to keep him in the chimney. One year the children wrote a few plain suggestions to their old friend about Christmas wishes, and we are sure that the old Saint must have been mightly tickled when he read "Four Santa Cluas," and not a bit mad

MISSION SCHOOL CHILDREN

to be called "My Dear Sand Close!" And here were some of the wants of the little red folk of Oneida.

"My Dear Santa Cluse:

please give me a little Pasket and stove and slate and pencle, book and doll and handkerchief and Thimple."

Another little man writes,

"My Dear Santa Claus:

I want a little gun and a rubber ball and a Knife and a pair of mittens and a Street-Car and some oranges."

Certainly their wants were moderate enough; fancy another small boy telling his sister he only wanted a pair of suspenders! His grand-

father might have considered the matter from exactly such a standpoint, but while due attention was paid to the little brown back, the little red palate was not forgotten, nor something to amuse the quaint childish brain.

And what shall be written of the very tiny men and women, the baby Oneidas, two of whom look up at you from these pages? Very civil-

SANTA CLAUS AT ONEIDA

ized, very like ordinary white babies they look, but while one may be fair with golden hair and blue eyes, the next may be a veritable nut-brown maid, and the third, a bit of real bronze, like the small warrior brave, which our illustration seems to show in the attitude of listening to some far off spirit, and all these are full-blooded Indians, just as you find in certain Spanish families of bluest blood, a son or daughter with auburn hair and blue eyes. These babies, however, have one experience unlike any white child's, for while Miss America is dressed in her best and carried to Church, it is only for once; after her Baptism she rarely goes again until old enough to keep still and not distract her neighbors. But red babies appear with

AN ONEIDA BABY

great regularity, coming in white gowns with dainty caps, or plain calico with sunbonnets or sometimes in odds and ends of flannel with a handkerchief over the cute little head, and carried over the mother's shoulder or in cold weather tucked under her shawl, from which they emerge warm and serene, ready to be interested in a gay-colored window, a cracker from some deep pocket and invaribly keeping up a running commentary on the sermon. If opinions clash too loudly, his babyship is gravely carried out to regain his native composure and after his return, may be quietly passed over the back of the pew and slowly rocked on some good grandmother's knees.

AN ONEIDA BABY

One Sunday, a dear child was most engaging in her small absorption in books and flowers. She arranged all the Prayer Books and hymnals with great precision, looked with intense disgust at some crumpled and soiled paper, and finally took up a bag and handed her mother the purse from which to take the offering. Two pennies were given the child to put into the basin with her own pretty fingers, when suddenly it occurred to her that her neighbor might be gratified to offer a penny also, and taking the same she leaned over and extended that small copper coin with most gracious manner and smile, as became a daughter able to count many noble forefathers. Much that is interesting among children big and little, takes place in the old Church, of which the interior is shown in Christmas dress. And right royal it looked in hangings of scarlet and festoons of evergreen, wreathes of holly, and gay paper roses, fastened here and there among blue and green spruce branches. Some idea of the size may be had if you are told it would be possible to put the Hospital inside the chancel and leave room enough to walk around it. Here the people come Sunday after Sunday, contented so far, and glad to give

A YOUNG BRAVE

the best house to God, while living themselves in little log houses. But the men who built this Church loved their work and did it for the glory of God. Whether the next generation will appreciate what their fathers have wrought becomes a perplexing question not unmixed with sadness, for the Indian as a returned student, is very different from the Indian learning his "three R's" in the Mission School. A mere veneering of worth and manliness is to be dreaded; wherefore let all Christian souls reading these words, send up an earnest petition for Indian students, that they may not lose the "faith once delivered."

THE CHANCEL AT CHRISTMAS

The Government Boarding School

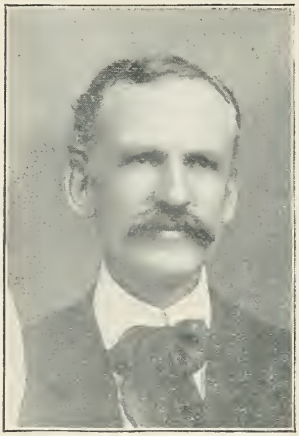
The chief educational work among the Oneidas at home is found at the Government Industrial School. Soon after the passage of the "Dawes Allotment Act," a commission, appointed by the President, came to the Reservation to explain the provisions of the law and to induce the Oneidas to take advantage of the same. At a council with the Indians this matter was thoroughly discussed, and, as one of the inducements to take their land in severalty, the commissioner agreed to

THE GOVERNMENT BOARDING SCHOOL

recommend to the President and Secretary of the Interior, that a boarding school be established on the Oneida Reservation. This recommendation was favorably considered, and in the allotment of lands that soon followed, a tract of land near the center of the Reservation was reserved for a school farm. However, it was not until the spring of 1892 that the erection of the first school buildings was commenced. In July, 1892, Charles F. Pierce, a Superintendent of several years experience, and who had successfully organized an Indian boarding school among the Sioux in the west, was sent here under orders from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to superintend the construction of the buildings, make plans and estimates for other necessary outbuildings which were to be erected, and also make estimates for furniture and other school supplies. As the buildings neared completion, applications for admission to the school were filed, so that when the school first opened, March 27, 1893, the number of applicants far exceeded the capacity of the school. The plant has been increased from time to time, until at the present the capacity is two hundred and twenty-five pupils, and is valued at about $65,000. There are seven brick and twelve frame buildings, equipped with modern conveniences and appliances, such as steam heat, electric lights, water and sewer systems, etc. The school is beautifully located on a high ridge across the Duck Creek from Hobart Mission, near the railroad station. It can be seen from all directions, and its fine brick buildings, over which floats the American flag, present a beautiful as well as patriotic scene. The Indian children are taken from their homes at the age of six years, or even younger, and during ten months of the year are kept at the school where they are educated,

THE ASSEMBLY HALL

clothed and cared for by the Government without expense to the parents. The course of study in the school is both literary and industrial. The literary work comprises the work of the first four grades of the ordinary school work, following a course of study promulgated by the Superintendent of Indian Schools. Industrial work includes farming, gardening, care of stock, and the use of tools, for the boys. Girls are taught to cook, wash, iron, sew, knit, and to do other branches of domestic work. All pupils are required to devote one half of their time to the industrial work of the school. A farm is connected with the school and the boys, under the direction of the farm Instructor, are required to perform the work of planting, cultivating and harvesting of the crops. Considerable stock is also kept and this is cared for by the pupils of the school. The girls, under competent instructors, carry on the domestic work in the different departments of the institution.



JOSEPH C. HART
Government Agent and Supt.

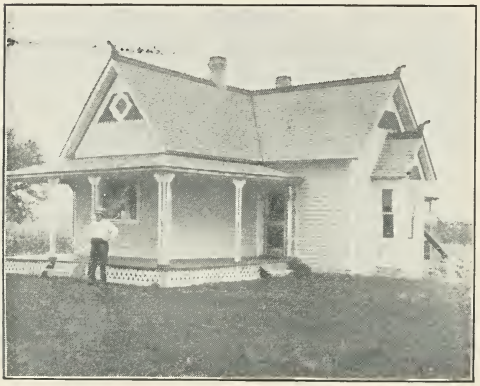
The present Superintendent, who is also the Government Agent for the whole Reservation, is Mr. Joseph C. Hart. He has under his direction a corps of twenty-five school employes. All are efficient instructors and are interested in the work of elevating their charges. All positions in the Government Indian School service are under the Classified Civil Service Rules, and, with the exception of Indian employes, are filled by the Civil Service Commission. Under this method the employes are under no obligation to the politician, and the baneful influences of the old "spoils system" are no longer prevalent to destroy the work of the Missionary and other conscientious workers. The school is popular among the Indians, and is always filled to its fullest capacity. It is a valuable object lesson to the Indian, and is a powerful factor in his civilization and advancement. When the pupils have completed the work at this home school, they have obtained a fair knowledge of work, as well as the studies of the ordinary country district school, and are eligible to promotion to the larger training schools, such as Carlisle, Hampton or Haskell. Over four hundred of the Oneidas have attended these larger training schools, and many of them have made excellent records while there.

After graduation many have secured positions in the Government service, others have found employment in shops and farms, and a still larger number are at home using the skill and knowledge acquired during their school life in making homes for themselves, on their own lands. Foremost in this class is Nelson Metoxen, who, after learning his trade at Hampton, returned to the Reservation and opened a wagon and blacksmith shop. He is a skilled workman and a model young man in every respect. He has erected for himself and family a very cozy

ONEIDA BLACKSMITH SHOP

and comfortable home, from the results of his labor in his shop, which might be an object lesson to many of our white neighbors. William Baird and Wilson Skenandoah, graduates of Carlisle and Hampton, have also a blacksmith shop, and being good horseshoers are kept busy at their trade. The only manufacturing interest on the Reservation managed by returned students is the saw mill owned and operated by Joseph M. Smith, an Oneida educated at the No. 1 day school, and at Lawrence University, Appleton. Mr. Smith erected this mill about five years ago and since that time has found employment for about twenty men. The mill saws mainly hard wood lumber, of a good grade, which is readily sold to the furniture factories in neighboring cities. The cut

for the present year will amount to nearly eight hundred thousand feet. The mill is quite a help to the Indians as only logs from them are bought. There are many others of our returned students who have made excellent records, but limited space forbids mention. There is much work to be accomplished by them in the future. The entire Reservation contains 65,400 acres, of which 5000 are now under cultivation and 9,700 acres under fence. Farming methods have for the most part been primitive, and as a consequence the lands which have been long in use have been cropped with wheat and corn until they have lost much of their original fertility and need intelligent methods to restore them. There is also a large area still uncultivated that only needs to be cleared of brush and broken up to be immediately productive. It is to these lands that the small army of young men and women that the Government has been training for self help can prove that their education has been of advantage to them so that they may keep up with the onward march of agricultural improvement. Nearly the whole Reservation is well adapted to gardening and dairying and many thousand beef and dairy cattle can be raised.



THE METOXEN HOME

Of very different character from the Indian School at home and abroad is our own Diocesan School for girls, Grafton Hall, Fond du Lac. From this Institution of learning in the year 1898, Laura Miriam Cornelius graduated. She proudly traces her lineage from the celebrated orator, Chief Daniel Bread, and Skenandoah, the last of the New York Chiefs of this nation. From such an ancestry she no doubt inherited much of that ability which made it possible for her to graduate with honor from the classical course of the college where she was a student, and to present as a graduation address an essay entitled, "The Romans of America," in which was very successfully traced the analogy between the Iroquois Confederacy, or Six Nations, and the ancient Roman Empire.

We are indebted to Miss Cornelius' graphic pen for the following Oneida Legends :

The Legend of the Bean

In a brown tepee, nestling cosily in a mass of summer foliage, and shaded from the hot June sun by magnificent old trees, under whose spreading branches, the rich, black sod fed many a flower and fern, lived in years gone by one who had seen many moons wax and wane among

OUR SAW MILL

her people. Near by her dwelling a babbling brook wound on its way, and the birds overhead sang fearlessly their many notes of gladness. The air was full of dewy fragrance, and the sun shed a radiance upon the morning mist as I drew near the snug little dwelling, the home of my grandmother; and, sitting down beside her, begged for an old story. She thought briefly, and perhaps the silken tassel of the corn which she had planted at the side of her home made her think of the story which she told me : "Long ago, when my mother was a young woman, she had a home like mine, where nature bloomed abundantly. She loved to hear the birds sing and could name each kind by its song. One day she

was awakened by a strange and beautiful melody, and, stealing softly to the spot from whence the sound came, she saw a pretty green vine whirling in the air above a corn stalk. Suddenly, it stopped singing, and descending, lightly twisted itself around the shock. On it were little buds, promising bright red blossoms. These matured and withered, and brought forth long green pods filled with round flat seeds, which hardened and browned. She picked them one day, and when the Chiefs were met in Council she brought to them the strange product and said: 'Fathers and Elders, I beg a privilege; I am the daughter of the Chief who shot the arrow into our enemies' midst, which killed their leader. Give me leave for utterance. I will speak briefly. I have a message from Lalonyhawagon, the Ruler of the Heavens: the friend of our own Tribe.' 'Speak thou mayest, fair daughter,' said the Chiefs. She told the story of the bean, and, producing it, said: 'Not without meaning did it sing. It is the sign from Lalonyhawagon to test the courage of our tribe, and to know whether we are worthy of his friendship. Should it be good, other tribes will buy it, and ours would be the glory of interpreting aright the wishes of the Great Spirit.' The Chiefs were aroused and asked 'Who will be the one to test the product?' Then an old woman came forward and bravely answered, 'I will risk my life for the benefit of my friends, my home, and my race.' She cooked and ate it and found it very good. And so from that day the bean became an ingredient in the mixing of corn bread, because it first grew upon the corn, and its song still lingers amid the silky fringes of the ripening corn, and those who listen hear again the message of the Great Spirit. This brave old woman lived to see her six sons grow in wisdom and virtue and become great Chiefs of the tribe."

LAURA MIRIAM CORNELIUS

The Sacrifice of the White Dog

Oh that the expanse of time were less, and the camp fire burning, to make my story glow with interest to my reader. But my pen paints poorly, and you understand not the old Oneida vocabulary which so well my tale would tell. Briefly but barely I must tell my legend. It is of a curious rite and ceremony. When the Oneidas were still warm in the nest of the Iroquois, they went along with the Six Nations to their annual sacrifice of the White Dog. With patient care they seek for a white dog—without spot or blemish he must be. Then was he killed without the shedding of a drop of his blood. His body, after the white man had introduced those decorative articles, was adorned with blue and red ribbons—originally it was the gorgeous Autumn leaves of the forest that decked the offering. When the decorating was done the people came together and formed in procession behind the bearers, singing weird offertory hymns, for they were worshipping that Divine Spirit, Lalonyhawagon. On an altar of brush they laid the body to burn, and, blending their song with the rising fumes, they marched around it until all was consumed. The white dog, the emblem of innocence ; the red, of victory over the enemy ; and the blue, heaven's color, the sign mark of the Divine Spirit, which guided them to the worship of the Great Spirit.

THE MISSION SISTERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE HOLY NATIVITY

A great educational work as well as one of the most valued agencies in our missionary work is the help given by the Sisters of the Holy Nativity. We believe this is the first instance where any of the Sisterhoods have sent their workers among the red men. Our Sisters have been in residence for eight years. In the year 1898 the Sisters built their own home and they have always given their services without any cost to the Church. There is a tiny little chapel in their house for their own devotions, where the Missionary celebrates the Holy Communion two mornings in the week. Their work is not confined to spiritual ministrations, but with all the other workers, they labor for the advancement of the tribe in all that helps towards civilization. They have introduced among the women the very beautiful and profitable industry of lace work. In the fall of 1898 the Oneida women began to learn this art. Miss Sybil Carter, who has done the splendid work of establishing this helpful industry among the Indian women of the country, kindly sent a representative to spend some days on the Reservation in August, who helped at the start, when about a dozen women undertook the new work. Ordinarily a lace school attempts but one kind of lace ; either the braid lace, which is of needle work, or the pillow or bobbin lace, as it is called. At Oneida we are doing both kinds. As this is an art entirely new to the women, it must necessarily grow gradually. Most people are familiar with the common hand-made "torchon" lace, which is made on a pillow with bobbins, but not all are aware that the oldest and most beautiful laces

THE SISTERS HOUSE

were made in this way. Much that is dainty and exquisite is effected with the various machine-woven braids, and according to the design or the nature of the material, or the stitch used, it is named "Honiton," "Point" or "Battenberg," etc., and leaves nothing to be desired for table decoration or personal adornment. But the pillow lace has an interest all its own with the lovers of the genuine article. The work is, of course, open to all, and many of the older women are glad of the opportunity to earn money, and as glad too, to be able to "make pretty things." It is to the women's credit that their work is all done in their homes. In some schools this would not be possible, and the teachers even baste the work; but our pupils prepare their own work and return it ready to be sent to New York, except for the pressing. They have paper napkins in which to wrap the braid, thread and work, and it is all carried back and forth in pasteboard oyster-pails! which are convenient for hanging up in the tiny log cabins, out of the reach of the little ones. There is the oft-repeated injunction "Jiot-kont-sa-tso-hulon," that is, "Be always washing your hands." Results prove that this is effectual, for seldom is any lace returned soiled. One never ceases to marvel at the delicate, dainty work accomplished by hands that would seem better fitted for out-door work, and it is always a pleasure to see the women's own delight in the beauty of their handiwork. From October, 1900, to July, 1901, the women earned $1,125 for their lace making. We are sure that no better answer could be given to the question often asked the Missionary, "What is the work of the Sisters at Oneida?" than their own report made to their Bishop.

"Our work is not one which can be well or fairly expressed by means of statistics, and perhaps that is not much to be regretted on the whole; so often there is little behind large numbers! There are incidents constantly occurring as a part of 'the day's work' which it would be almost, if not quite, impossible to put before an outsider in such a way as to make them seem anything but trivial, yet we find in them ground for thanksgiving and satisfaction, since we know them to be significant of help given, in some form. Reading letters from the Missionaries, whose work is far away, such as, to give but one instance, those of the Cowley Fathers in Indian, we can but feel that if we could write "India," or "Africa" at the head of what we might say as to our doings and surroundings, our work would have as great a claim upon the public interest and sympathy. With your knowledge of this Mission and of our place in its working force, do you not agree with us in the feeling that our real and most helpful work is just the *living here*, as we do,

really *belonging* to the dear people about us, who know that at any time they may call upon us for anything which lies in our power to do for them, whether it be the reading or the writing of a letter, the tuning of an autoharp, the solution of a problem in surveying, the giving of advice in trouble or perplexity, comfort in sorrow, small gifts in time of need, medicine or delicacies in sickness, spiritual help and teaching, a text of Scripture explained, perplexing questions in morals considered, a lesson given in a new lace stitch, or in reading musical notation, some remedy supplied when 'Billy, he's sick' (that's a pony), sympathy extended and such assistance as the circumstances allow, when an old neighbor comes definitely '*to get uncross*,' as he puts it. For all of these things we have been called upon and the confidence of those who come so simply trusting to our entire willingness and power to accomplish anything that may be desired, is touching and inspiring, and serves almost to create the ability in question. Shall I not tell you something of just one day's experience? There comes to my mind a cold, snowy, windy day of the past winter, when the mercury stood at eighteen degrees below zero; it was during an interval when our kitchen had no queen save our own selves, which means that the care of fires, cooking of meals, washing of dishes, cleaning of lamps, sweeping and dusting, and a score of other like details, ah me! had to be put into days that were full without them. This will help you understand why we welcomed a *stormy* day, foreseeing, as we imagined, a day of comparative quiet, with respite from the ever-active door bell, and with time to sit down and make new lace patterns that were needed, each to be two or three yards long. Well, the day began; we had breakfast, (persons always do) and then right in the early forenoon our lace workers began to come, and, notwithstanding the storm and cold, there were eighteen or twenty of them before the day closed, and seven were new pupils, who must be shown all about the stitches and the way to handle the braid, etc., with many an earnest injunction to keep it all perfectly clean. Some of these women had walked over four miles, and naturally came with clothing quite wet; three came at one time who had been visiting together, and as one spoke English, it seemed too good an opportunity to lose and they therefore started out in spite of the weather. Time went on, all too fast, and at noon a good neighbor came in to give a little help about the dinner and the inevitable washing of dishes that must follow. The afternoon proved as full as the morning had been; but when it came to be time for supper, we imagined we could prepare tea and some cream toast easily enough and it would be plain and hot, and we quite antici-

pated sitting down together quietly. I undertook to prepare the food, and my sister busied herself 'setting the table,' but by the time the cream for the toast was ready to be served, the bell announced callers, and they came for lace. Accordingly I whisked the spider and its contents on to an asbestos mat (happy invention) and left it at the back of the stove, asking my sister to have an eye to it, while I went upstairs to prepare the lace materials. No sooner was I absorbed in measuring and cutting than the bell was heard again and my sister must leave all thoughts of tea and toast and go to the door and attend to the next set of callers. When finally everything had been supplied and all had departed, we turned us kitchenward once more, but even as we went our minds were prepared for what we should find, and alas for that cream toast! it might have been tempting once, but now it was burned until it was *horrid!* We had reached the stage where we did not want anything if we had to prepare it, and besides it was growing late, so we concluded to have a regular nursery tea of bread and butter and jam, but the bell was heard once more. This time our callers were two elderly Indian women who are good friends to us, coming at intervals from their distant homes and always bringing something nice; we have very interesting calls with them though they speak no English. At once we settled down to spend some time with them, *for we have had experience.* After the greeting and handshakings, a moment of silence followed as usual, and then 'Hn,' said one of the women, as she drew her basket from under her shawl, handing it to me. 'Utnathi ne gaigon?' (What is this?) I asked. 'Katkat,' was the reply, that is 'look,' and lo! two loaves of native bread, made of pounded corn and black beans, quite fresh and warm. It is always a delicacy in our estimation and best of all, was ready for us at that very moment; no need of further regrets for that lost toast; here was our supper provided for us by the kindest of ravens. Having expressed our pleasure in the exclamations we have learned from the Indians themselves we were given a further surprise (?) when the other visitor drew from under her shawl a pail, having in it a pot of fresh butter, and a 'kitkit' *i. e.* a chicken, all dressed and ready to cook (*fortunately*, for neither of us could accomplish the dressing of a chicken; I'm sorry, but it is a fact.) While my sister talked with our friends (talked *at* them, I mean, though they do grasp our meaning fairly well) I slipped upstairs and found some little things to give them as our expression of gratitude and pleasure, and when the visit had been duly prolonged, they got ready for their long tramp homeward, adjusting shawls and head gear as only Indians can.

It was dark and growing colder, but out they went, and their pleasant sweet-voiced chatter came back to us as we watched them on their way. We sought our kitchen once more and thankfully fell upon our Indian bread and made some tea, and a very satisfying little supper we had, although it was after eight, and some might think the bread a little *solid* to be eaten at night. This was a day literally full for us, and yet so little in it to tell. Of course a bright day would have brought us more callers, but it seemed many because we had expected *no* interruptions.

ONEIDA LACE

The lace school has grown continually and we had 150 names on the roll, though not all of these are regular workers now. Between forty and fifty children have attempted the lace, and many of them have done good work, but some will have dropped from the list this coming year. We were asked to include the children of the Government School in the lace class, and after some consideration we decided to make the experiment, not so much for the sake of the lace itself, as for the opportunity thus afforded of keeping ourselves in touch with the children, whom otherwise we should not see for nine months in the year. We have no cause to regret our decision, for the matron of the school reports very happy results, saying that since the girls began to "make lace" there has been a marked change in them; they have behaved more quietly and have grown neater in their personal habits. The experimental nature of the work for this season makes the amount accomplished and the money earned less in proportion to the number of the workers than would have been the case if we had allowed only the best pupils to continue, but surely the good done is more wide-spread and that of course is our first aim. In the last year—three months being counted out as vacation—we have finished

over 700 pieces of lace, and a litttle over $600 have been paid for the work. In some cases a pupil has made only one or two pieces, at 50 cents or 75 cents each, while others have earned between thirty and forty dollars. On some days more than thirty pupils have come to return work, or to have their progress inspected or to get more material for the work in hand. If necessary to gain time for a lesson, pupils will stay to dinner with us, and you can readily see how these things help on the friendly, neighborly relations which must exist if we are to be of service to this people. Sometimes we have had as many as fifteen at a time, waiting to be served, and that really taxes the capacity of our small house, for kitchen and dining room must serve as well as the reception room. As a whole the women have shown great cleverness with their needles and their lace is really beautiful. The men show due appreciation of the work and are always ready to take the long walks for their wives in cold and stormy weather, and sometimes they laughingly express a hope that they may share in the profits. I have spoken of this new industry at so much length because it *is* new, and of so much help to our people ; but of course it does not represent all we can do for them. We have given instructions to candidates for Confirmation as usual, and this year they were given as a general instruction to the congregation assembled before Evensong on Sundays, with an interpreter. In Lent we had the weekly Bible instruction after one of the daily four o'clock Services. There is always the Church Altar work, the playing for the weekly Guild celebration of Holy Communion, and the hour with the children of the Mission School once a week for the Church teaching when possible.

The Sisters at all times do what they can to help with the music of the Church choir, copying and printing music, writing out new hymns, etc. They have written for the leaflets and appeals sent from the Mission and have furnished material for one number of the 'Round Robin,' which is published for the Junior Auxiliary. Little visiting has been attempted among the people this year, for the long and serious illness of one of the Sisters has left less time and strength for outside work. This rough outline will give you some idea of what our life here is like, and, simple as it is, we hope you will deem it worthy of your approval and benediction."

THE ONEIDA CHOIR AND BAND

It was for many years the hope of our people and their Missionaries that the Oneidas would have a Vested Choir. This hope was realized by the present Missionary's inauguration of one, consisting of about forty men and boys of the tribe, who sung for the first time on the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, 1897, the occasion being the Annual Harvest Festival Services. With the vested choir we have also a supple-

THE ONEIDA CHOIR

mentary choir of women and girls, and the cornetists of the band give valuable assistance. The training of the choir is accompanied with great difficulties, for attending a choir practice on this Reservation is not a matter of taking a trolley car or walking a few blocks on a good pavement under electric lights. It means, for the most of our choristers, a long tramp or drive from three to eight miles over roads which are sufficiently difficult by broad daylight ; and yet there are few absences from our rehearsals, and even dark and stormy nights are no hindrance to their ambition or their willingness to give time and labor to perfect themselves in music. The Oneidas are a musical people, and their love

of music and their spirit of devotion combined, have made them bravely conquer obstacles which at first seemed insurmountable, so that now our music has attained a recognized excellence. It is certainly seemly and devout. Our big, deep-chested men sing from their hearts, and make their singing a part of their worship. It is their gift to God, given with all their might. The choral Eucharist is sung most reverently. There is no giggling, whispering, and inattention, as in choirs of enlightened white people. The Indian hymns are magnificent and are often rendered, without organ accompaniment, as the richness and harmonies of the voices would be marred by the most skillful playing. In these familiar hymns the entire congregation joins, taking up the strains which to the visitors, sound so smooth, and resonant. The most striking effect is produced by the voices of the women, singing apparently a tenor to the tenor, their high over-notes being so unusual, and sometimes in funeral hymns, altogether weird, so that in Indian harmony we can certainly look for the unexpected. Of our small organ we cannot speak favorably save for its valued antiquity. It is so weak and asthmatic as to be more of a hindrance than an inspiration. A substantial and melodious pipe organ is the need at present felt by the choir and congregation of Hobart Church. One solemn delight to both Indians and whites is their own Te Deum, stately, dignified, with three Alleluias after each verse ; as it takes three times as long to say or sing anything in Oneida as in English, only a few verses can be sung, these being chanted by one voice, the choir and congregation taking up the Alleluia. Twice a year only is this old Te Deum heard ; at Christmas and when the Bishop makes his visitation, when they make the day a holiday, meeting the Bishop at the station with the band, and escorting him, some on foot, some in wagons, in ordered procession to the Church.

THE CRUCIFER

We must tell you a bit about our Band, in which there are about twenty members. In the old days a certain Frenchman cast in his lot with these people and seems to have been their first band-master, and so

THE ONEIDA NATIONAL BAND

kindly did the natives take his instruction, that to-day the Oneida National Band is quite in request and is heard at State and County Fairs and upon all Festival days at home.

HOBART GUILD

A proper presentation of the women of the Guild would turn this book into a big biography. Oldest of the guild women and most loved by them is Mary Ann Bread, the central figure in our picture. For many years she was their mother and interpreter, having lived as nurse among white families and being able to speak English more readily than the others. When the Hospital was built old Mary Ann was promised that a room should always be in readiness for her coming. We were glad she could enjoy the comforts of such a home for the two last winters of her life. During the winter of 1899 our old Mother, then nearly ninety years of age, was gradually failing in health and strength, but ever cheerful and happy, pleased with her hospital home, and ever grateful for all that was done for her comfort. After making her Easter Communion in the little Chapel of the Hospital, she returned to her friends. It was not long after that the report was made of her rapid decline in health. She was visited several times by the Missionary, and a few days before her death received her last Communion; knowing it to be such, she said to her Missionary, "I am glad my long journey is nearly ended, and that very soon I shall be at Home." She died June 4th, 1900.

Immediately after her death her body was brought to the Hospital, and there lay before the Chapel Altar until the day of her burial, June 7th. According to her wish she was dressed for burial in her old Indian costume, beaded skirt, leggins and mocçasins, and on her head was tied a simple black kerchief. Our dear old mother was loved and respected by the entire tribe, and rarely is a larger congregation seen in our Church than that which assembled on the day of her funeral. The Service consisted of the Burial Office and the Holy Communion, after which the long

THE GUILD WOMEN

procession wended its way to the summit of the high hill of the cemetery, and during the filling in of the grave, favorite hymns in Oneida and English were sung. There were visitors from families round about the Reservation in which she had been employed as a nurse, and to whom she had endeared herself by long years of faithful, loving service.

The nucleus of our Guild, was formed in the missionary days of the Reverend Father Goodnough, of beloved memory, whose wife, only eighteen when she came among the people, brought the elder women together and taught them how to cut and make their own clothing and to make white bread. Then the never-failing bed quilts, true coat-of-arms of all Guilds, were undertaken, flourishing to-day in wonderful squares and points and triangles of intense pink and yellow and green, important in

an Oneida woman's eyes as a chest of linen to some nice Dutch Katrinka. Then followed in natural sequence the making of moccasins and dolls, for which orders still come in from genuine admirers of Indian work, and if you only knew how restful moccasins could be to poor, tired feet, you would introduce them at the next five o'clock tea. Fancy a daintily outlined foot in softest buckskin, with solid beadwork reaching almost to the toe and velvet collar tied around the ankles.

A real Oneida family claims presentation from our Guild women. Not bisque, nor china nor even rubber dolls, nor carrot dolls, nor yet rag ones, are waiting for their introduction to our readers, but two brown-faced, gorgeously-attired Oneida dollikins, of good old corn-husk lineage. Here, Miss Getting-water-in-a-dipper, and Mr. Something-lying-on-the-ground, make your best bow to the pale faces looking so curiously at you. What is it? "They stare so." Oh, well, they are just interested white folk you know, not true, interesting Americans like yourselves, and one must not expect too much of them, so don't mind if they examine your dress and beads and make some personal remarks; this is quite the correct thing among pale faces. You see, dear Mesdames New York and Boston, these dollies are the handiwork of the Guild women, who spend every Thursday, the whole day, in their room in the Church, where they seem as fond of doll-making as Miss Alcott's Old-fashioned Girl. There are The-one-who-pushes-the-ice-away, The-one-who-makes-maple-sugar, and a dozen others, solemnly considering whether to put apple-green and magenta together, or to use gilt beads or glass ones on dolly's skirt; and there is good old Yanigien, with a lapful of brown cornhusks that she is laboriously fashioning into the doll itself, putting layer after layer, one over the other, until a hard, smooth surface is formed for the head, while the ends of the husks make arms, legs and body. Small brown stitches divide the fingers and now Miss Doll is ready for her wardrobe. She can't bother with stockings and shoes, her mother never gave them a thought, so on goes a pair of soft moccasins with beads up the front, and next a pair of black cloth leggings, rather broad, with a pretty pattern in chalk beads, worked on the outside edge and around the bottom. Then comes the white petti-

CORN-HUSK DOLLS

coat, covered in turn by a plain skirt of any colored wool, and over this is put on a kind of primitive polonaise, that might have supplied Worth's first inspiration in that line. Suppose this polonaise to be dark blue serge, bound with narrow magenta ribbon, edged with a tiny row of white beads, both ribbon and beads reaching right up to the waist and throat; then, following the shoulder seams are more lines of beads and a bit of a belt makes all neat around the waist, from which hangs a small chamois pocket, bead-trimmed, for, one ought to say, my Lady's handkerchief, but probably a gay red apple or some crackers would be tucked in, to keep the baby quiet. And a piece of dark brown silk is fastened securely to the top of the head and brought down each side of the face in most becoming bands, and tied with a bow at the back. Not every face can bear this trying style of hair-dressing, but when your features are of ancient Egyptian severity, quite the kind depicted on monuments, being drawn in ink, with true old masterly simplicity, then plain bands of hair are most fitting. Into the edge of this silky brown hair are placed the last ornaments, ear-rings of beads, when the doll is ready for her travels; and the Oneida doll travels with all the fearlessness of the old tribe itself. Similarly made are the warrior dolls, dressed in buckskin trousers and short jacket, belted; knife in belt and feather in cap, and of course the necessary sprinkling of beads. They are fine representatives of a fine old tribe, these Indian dolls, and all doll-lovers should have at least one, while collectors could never be satisfied without two. But all these things are only a part of what is done by the Guild women, who earn several hundred dollars a year for their dear Church. Do the men give a day's work in the fields belonging to the Mission? Out come the Guild women to prepare dinner and supper, Is a feast given in order to raise a little money? All day long, the Guild women make their best bread and pies and cake and whatever tastes good to the Indian palate. Does the chancel need cleaning? Here are the Guild women with pails and cloths and plenty of good will. Or perhaps long yards of green are needed for the Christmas decorations. Here are the same ready hands, and in their quiet way, all these things mean "a good time," low-voiced talking and low-voiced laughter with inflections no elocutionist could give and all the time in the world! Why should any one be in a hurry because dinner was appointed for one o'clock? Half-past two is early enough for a man who is not all stomach, for the despatch of the average white man and the hurry-flurry of the average white woman find no place among the people of the Red Stone.

VISITORS' DAY AT ONEIDA

The Green Bay and Western Railroad brings the visitor to Oneida within a clear and expansive view of the institutions and buildings of the Reservation ere he reaches his destination. Immediately to the right upon leaving the little station, one catches a glimpse of the Government Boarding School. This institution is beautifully located on a high, level ridge and can be seen from all directions. Three long ridges run through

THE MISSION BUILDINGS

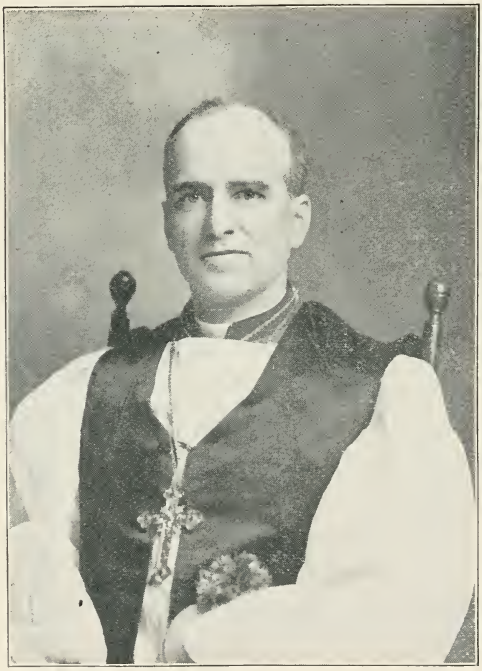
the Reservation, and as the visitor takes the road leading to the left of the station, he very soon catches a glimpse of the main ridge, upon which almost in the center of the Reservation, stands the large Church, a solid structure of grey limestone. The tower, eighty feet high, adds much to its stately appearance and impresses the spectator with its divinely protecting-like care with which it seems to overlook the adjacent buildings. The Church structure is gothic in style and will seat between 800 and 900 persons. The plans were carefully worked out and given by the Rev. Professor Babcock of Cornell University. The visitor is always conspicuous upon the sacred days of the Church, such as Sundays and other Feasts and Holy Days.

The atmosphere on the Reservation upon these occasions is truly devotional and inspiring. We believe God's true children worship here and lend heart and voice to His praise. The Oneidas are remarkably devoted to their Church and its worship. The piety they manifest in the sight of God may well merit the good gifts which are being bestowed upon them.

Not having to combat the saloon (for no saloons are allowed on the Reservation,) nor disturbed by sectarian jealousy and strife, the Church is their first and greatest interest. What has been done for these people through the Church's divinely appointed agencies appears in their history. Well may the Church be proud of what her Prayer Book and system of Christian civilization has accomplished. Our Sundays are very busy days. There is first the early Celebration of Holy Communion at 7:30. At 10 o'clock the children meet for Instruction given by the Sisters. At eleven o'clock there is the Service of the day, and at this hour between 600 and 800 Indians are to be found in the Church, and even larger numbers for the great Festivals. In the afternoon there may be Baptisms, Marriages and Funerals, and at certain seasons special instructions are given. Evensong is said at five o'clock followed by choir rehearsal. Although the Services are said in English, certain portions are read by the Interpreter, the Rev. Cornelius Hill. We have previously given an account of him as a Chief of the tribe. As a minister of the Church he impresses one with a sense of his earnestness and spirituality, as vested in cassock, surplice and stole, quietly and without self-consciousness, he takes his part in the Service. He interprets the lessons from the English Bible into the Oneida tongue with a most remarkable fluency. There are comparatively few words in the Oneida language and an English sentence is therefore difficult to translate. Paragraph by paragraph is the message of the preacher also repeated with much eloquence and feeling. It is a sight full of interest to see Onan-gwat-go, or Great Medicine (Mr. Hill's Indian name) standing by the Missionary, his face turned towards the speaker as he listens attentively, and then turning to the people, speaks to them of the things of God. Now and then one

THE REV. CORNELIUS HILL
Deacon and Interpreter

hears in the midst of the soft flow of the Oneida syllables an English word, for which there is no Oneida equivalent. A feature that is always refreshing is the close sympathy of the Interpreter with the spirit of his message. Nothing is so bracing, so inspiring, so gladdening to him as hearing a real message, words that come straight from God and go straight to the hearts of the listeners. At a Thursday morning celebration in Lent, a visiting Clergyman was speaking of the strength and joy that comes to us through the Blessed Sacrament, and reminded his hearers that they should come to meet their Great Bishop in the same spirit but intensified, as that with which they always go to meet their earthly Bishop, coming for his visitation. And the preacher used a thought that struck the Interpreter most forcibly, saying something like this: "When your Bishop comes up here it is always to give you something; he comes to give you the strength of the Holy Ghost, that so you may be able to receive the Great Gift from the Altar, our Lord Himself. The Bishop comes, so to speak, to open for you the way to the Altar. He does not come to get anything for himself, but to give you something." The effect of these words upon the listeners was electric; for when in all the dealings of white men with red (with pitifully few exceptions,) could it be truly said they do not come to get anything for themselves? The Interpreter's eyes were



RT. REV. R. H. WELLER, JR., D.D.
Bishop Coadjutor, Fond du Lac

tearful and his usually gracious utterance was cut short, as he remembered the open Hand of his Great Father and the clutching fingers of his white brother. Or again, on Palm Sunday, when reading the Gospel, there was heard a little break in the Interpreters voice as he read of the insults heaped upon our Lord, the thorns, the spitting, the mockery. Mr. Hill is the first Oneida to receive Holy Orders. He had served for many years before as Interpreter and on the day of his Ordination was on duty as usual. While the day was one of great rejoicing because of the spiritual gift to be bestowed upon him, it was also a day of sadness of heart, for his infant son lay dead at home awaiting burial after the service of Ordination. Mr. Hill took his place by the side of the Bishop and proceeded to interpret the sermon, but when he came to the words addressed to himself, strong and reserved Indian that he is, he simply covered his face and sobbed. In the Church no sound was heard and not an eye was raised. One could feel the sympathy extended to him from all hearts. But in a ew moments he regained his composure and went on with a calmness of oul resting in God. Since his Ordination he has been often called upon to administer Baptism in the case of sickness, and at all times has been a faithful co-worker with those under whom he has served.

THE MISSION HOUSE

Close beside the great stone Church, stands the little house erected by the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity for the use of two Sisters of their Community, who give their services and render valuable assistance to the Mission work. Opposite the Church are the Mission School buildings and the Band room. The Mission farm of about thirty acres is cultivated by the men of the Church, who week after week, give such time as they can for plowing, haying, harvesting, making roads, putting up fences, repairing side-walks, cutting wood, and generally showing their zeal and interest for the Church property. Farther down the road stands the Mission House, the home of the Missionary, where the visitor

may always be sure of a welcome. The dwelling place is a comfortable farm house, and through the generosity of our friends it has been lately put in good repair. We are obliged to ask our friends from time to time to contribute towards the keeping our somewhat large plant in repair, and thus teach the Indians the necessity of a well-ordered establishment. We want our readers to be at home on the Reservation. They will find a busy work going on at all times at the School and Hospital, the Sisters' House, the Church and Mission House, where as many as fifty or a hundred Indians come every day. Our visitors will find the Reservation to be a tract of beautiful farm land about ten by twelve miles square. The land is all appropriated in severalty by the various families, and is taken up by farms of 200 or 300 acres in extent. Except where the farms are cleared and crops of grain are growing, the Reservation is covered with woods. If our visitors come in the harvest season they will find the people all busy, and it may surprise them to see the Indians making use of modern farm machinery, such as binders and the large threshing machines which are owned and managed by the Indians themselves. Nature has made our abode attractive to the artistic temperament. The sinuous Duck Creek winds its way through valleys, and numerous trout streams abound. The roads are narrow and winding and the cool, shady path-ways lead the lover of nature through pleasant rambles in beautiful woods. But all landscapes are dull without some life in them. Let us sketch in here a well known Indian figure. If a visitor comes to us, he is sure to meet, about the Sisters' house or at the Missionary's home, old Abram, "Kingly and kindly," so one writer described him. Abram Elm, with his broad shoulders, fine physique and noble head, is easily recognized as he takes his place in the choir and joins in the worship with reverence and simplicity. Seldom does he raise his eyes from his book, singing in full, mellow tones without any self-consciousness,

DUCK CREEK

but conscious of God. His wife, Kawislenta, is one of our best bead embroiderers, and although she cannot talk English she understands it, and smiles genially. Abram cares for her very tenderly, and has only one thing to desire for her ; " I thinking," says he, " I wishing English mouth on my wife : that all I want ; she don't handsome much, but she's best 'ooman in world." They had a daughter once, whom they greatly loved, and she died. Then, Abram will tell you, " for one, two years I dying too : then I must live again." The loss of this only child has given him a most fatherly appreciation of young girls. " Boys, they very well," he grants, " but they not like girls. Boys go through house ; they making big noise ; they leaving things on the floor. Girls, they come through still, they not saying much ; they picking up things ; they make it all right." Tears for his sins, and sorrow for the miseries of his little world are never far from Abram's eyes, but joyousness is, after all, his daily atmosphere. As you look into his face your heart is won by as ingenuous and sweet a smile as ever shone in the face of a child, and small things please him as they would a child. When a " white lady," who sent him a box of candy, begged that he take no offence at so trifling a gift, he fairly beamed with delight. " Abram not mad," he said ; " Abram berry glad. Candy making Abram's mind just like little girl's mind. Abram berry glad."

A TYPICAL ONEIDA

A COTTAGE SERVICE

The truly Catholic spirit of religion at Oneida is shown by the weekly "Cottage Services," which carry us back to the days of Bishop Kemper and the Nashotah Missionaries. A visitor at one of the simple services thus described it: "I wish you might be present at one of these Indian Cottage Services which are held every Friday night at some house, usually at some place where distance or age or sickness prevents the people from very regular Church attendance. After a drive of six or seven miles over atrocious roads, so dangerous at some seasons of the year that we were forced to remark we thought we ought to sing a Te Deum at the end of the journey for our preservation, we find the house where the service is appointed. It is brightly lighted, and a number of teams, which have brought the neighboring assembly are hitched about, for many of the congregation come from a distance. The average Indian house, though there are better ones, is a log cabin with one large living room, a loft above and a "leanto" for cooking, etc. The houses are much neater than one generally finds among white people of the same class. When we enter the room we find a bed in one corner covered for the occasion with the "best quilt" in brilliant patch work. Round the room on benches and chairs are arranged the congregation, men, women and children, as many as the room will hold. Mr. Hill, the Indian Deacon, passes Prayer Books to those who can read English, the Missionary puts on his surplice, and the Service begins. We have shortened form of Evening Prayer, and Mr. Hill reads the gospel for the week in the Indian language and interprets the instruction upon it, given by the Missionary. An Indian hymn is always sung at these gatherings to one of the quaint tunes which have been handed down from the early days of the tribe. One can but feel the devotional atmosphere of these cottage services." Another white visitor said: "It is a sermon just to be present and watch these people." After the service, which closes with a special prayer for the household and the general Benediction, we say good-night with a friendly hand-shake all round, and drive home through the woods. It is very dark, but the horses seem to know the way. The piety of thought is somewhat disturbed by the frequent jolts over the corduroy road. We keep thinking how good those people are! how does the Missionary stand it? what brought tears into the eyes of that old woman? and alas! we could not help also thinking how tired we are and how glad to get home."

OUR FUTURE, WHAT SHALL IT BE?

Several characteristics of the Indians have been mentioned in this historical sketch, and these will be referred to now as entering into some of the social problems to be solved in the near future. The Indian is easy going, having little thought of the future ; he labors only for the present and calls the white man a slave. Necessity has compelled him to cultivate his land and thereby is proven that if he must, he can ac-

AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS

complish a great deal, as some of our well developed farms of to-day show. But he is likely to stop here, and if the crops fail as is the case at times, he has nothing to fall back on. To meet this need the Missionary has been desirous for a long time to see a Creamery plant established on the Reservation. But first there was needed a permanent and reliable water supply. Our illustration does not represent that which is especially ornamental in the Mission plant, but no gift to Oneida is more valued than our water plant which cost us over $1500. Not only was it necessary for the establishment of the Creamery, but it is impossible to estimate the comfort and help added to all of the Mission household and the Hospital. In making our appeal for this object we felt we were not asking a luxury from our friends but a necessity, and the prompt and generous response to our appeal made us feel our necessity was realized, and we are most grateful to all who aided us in securing our present valued water system. The water plant gives us an artesian well 233 feet deep, with a good flow of water, which supplies the

Hospital, Mission House and Creamery and makes bath rooms and other sanitary conveniences a possibility for the Hospital and Mission House.

The Creamery plant has been an expensive outfit and it has not been easy to make philanthropic and charitable persons see our need of this industry; but we knew it to be a great means of making the Indians thrifty and industrious. The Missionary did not act without the advice of experts in this line of business. Moreover he found it necessary to purchase a pair of overalls and enroll himself as a student at our State Agricultural College and spent some time there learning the practical side of the work. He then persistently talked of his pet scheme, wrote innumerable letters and appeals, and at last through the generosity of a few friends who believed in his object, saw the accomplishment of his desire, and the Oneida Creamery Co. is now a reality. Our first plan was to build a large and thoroughly equipped building, but that required an expenditure of $2500 which was not forthcoming. One thousand dollars were all we could raise, and with this amount we remodeled our old granary building, put in the water supply, and bought the necessary machinery. It is only a small plant, and the beginning of the work was ridiculously small, for when we announced ourselves ready for operation on the 15th of May 1901, only *one* customer presented himself, bringing but 17 pounds of milk from his two cows! At the end of the first week, however, we increased to 13 patrons with 695 lbs. of milk from 36 cows. At the end of the first month we had 16 patrons bringing us 775 lbs. of milk daily from 40 cows; this enabled us to make about 200 lbs. of butter per week. There was continued progress until the end of our first and short season, when we were able to make the following report to our patrons and friends:

THE WATER PLANT

Number of Patrons, 26.
Number of Weeks the Creamery in Operation, 23.
Number of Cows, 83.
Pounds of Milk received, 99,897.
Pounds of Butter made, 3,189,
Paid Patrons for their Butter, $603.82.

Highest price paid per pound, 20 cents.
Lowest price paid per pound, 17 cents.
Average price paid per pound, 18½ cents.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

Patrons, for Butter,	$603.82
Salary of Manager and running expenses,	368.63
Total,	$972.45
Receipts from sale of Butter,	676.08
Deficit,	$296.37

THE MISSION CREAMERY

With this small number of cows our Creamery can not be run on a paying basis, and so we are appealing to generous friends to help us with the running expenses which will average about $75 a month. We have a good market for our butter, and there is now even a demand for the products of the Oneida Creamery. We need greatly the help of the generous and wealthy to assist us to purchase a herd of one hundred first class dairy cows, which we can farm out to the Indians on shares for the mutual benefit of the Creamery company and the Indians themselves. Few of our people have money to purchase a cow, yet many of them have expressed an earnest wish to become patrons of the Creamery. All our patrons have been greatly pleased with the results of the industry, and all promise to come back to us for the next season, some with added stock. Our regular weekly cash payments have been of wonderful help to them and proved the value of dairy farming as no amount of talk about such an advantage could have possibly done. For many years our people have depended largely upon the forests for their living, but so rapidly has the land been cleared of its great pines and other timber, that here we can no longer look to this industry as the chief means of producing a

living. We all know the poverty and insecurity of results derived from the ordinary crop-raising farms. There is no better butter-producing State in the Union than Wisconsin, and no land is better suited for such an industry than our own Reservation, and all around us the farmers are developing this profitable industry, and a Creamery established by them only a year ago, where 98,453 lbs. of butter was made, and sold for $19,690, reports a dividend of 6 per cent for this first year's work. If our friends will only *generously* aid us for a time, we believe it will not be long before we too can establish a permanent and paying business that will enable us to be a self-supporting Mission, and make also our Indians self-supporting and industrious citizens.

A Co-operative Store

Another proposed plan is the opening of a co-operative store in connection with the Creamery, to the end that the Indians may not be, as they are now in a great measure, the victims of unprincipled traders in the towns round about the Reservation. At the present there are no stores on the Reservation, so that our people are compelled to go to town, ten and twelve miles away, for all their supplies. All know what a curse the "fire water" of the white man has been to the Indian and the demoralizing effect it has upon him. All Missionaries among Indians have this hydra of civilization to fight against, and it is the greatest drawback to their efforts to bring the red man into a more enlightened state. Fifteen hundred dollars would give us the beginning of this co-operative store which would be made a paying investment.

One more special requirement, and we are done with all the visions for the future development of this most interesting tribe of Indians. We want to have a Guild Hall combining school, library, sewing and class rooms, kitchen and a large lecture hall. At the present time we have no room suitable for any large gathering, and we want a large lecture hall, where our people can have the advantages of stereopticon lectures, talks and instructions on hygiene and agriculture. The authorities of our State Agricultural College are willing to give us Farmer's Institutes and other lectures which would be of great help to the people. Moreover the young men and women when they return from such schools as Carlisle and Hampton miss all the literary advantages they have enjoyed and many of them would make good use of the library. The Indians have set themselves to work for this object by going into the quarry and getting out stone. On the 17th of June 1901, the first load of stone for the new building was laid down on the site where some day we hope to

see the Oneida Library. We shall need something more than $5000 for the erection of this building, exclusive of the stone and sand which the Indians will give. Is there not some philanthropic Carnegie in the Church, who, while gifts are being showered lavishly on white men's Colleges and Libraries, will remember the red man's simple needs and do for him what is so bountifully and superabundantly done for his more fortunate white brothers?

Those who have the future welfare of the Indians at heart will do well to take a personal interest in the work of the Church among these people. The romantic part of the Indian mission work is a thing of the

THE GRAFTON LIBRARY

past, and this makes it difficult to interest the general public in the furtherance of the work. The Indian as a rule wants to advance, but he cannot do it alone. He must be aided, and as Bishop Hobart long ago pointed out, we must give him, not a gospel without civilization, nor a civilization without the gospel; they must go together. The hard work that falls on the Missionary he gladly accepts. He can but take a real permanent interest in the people to whom he has devoted his life. The raising of funds is a most trying work and from which one shrinks. In this will you not aid him? Will not the Church give him all the assistance which he really needs and unite with him in bringing the Gospel of life and work into the homes of this ancient people?

DEAR READER:

If our book has interested you in any degree, will you not, according to your ability, help us with an offering? The needs of the Mission are many. Remember, dear reader, that we are far removed from the great centres of the Church and are easily forgotten. You must pardon our seeming importunity. It is hard to beg. It is harder to be in want and to see the work of God straitened. Therefore we urge in Christ's dear Name the needs of our Mission upon the old Oneida friends. You who have done so much for them in the past, grant us a kindly hearing. Get others interested in this gospel work. We need not say how much we Americans owe to the red men. It is an oft repeated story. Now we find them advancing in civilization, grateful for what has been done for them, eagerly availing themselves of all their advantages, becoming every year better educated and growing into the responsibilities of citizenship, loyal and devout Churchmen, members of our own Christian Family, one with us in the household of faith. To extend a loving and generous hand that will further lift them up, is to put in practice the great principle of the Incarnation. It is to make real our own following of Him who stooped down from heaven, and by the sacrifice of Himself lifted us up into union with Himself. If you have not done anything for this cause, won't you begin now? If you have, do not slacken in well-doing. Let your prayers go up with your gift, and a gift from the Great Giver will be its acknowledgment here and in eternity.

RD 1.4

HOW TO SEND CONTRIBUTIONS TO ONEIDA

Cash, by registered letter addressed to Rev. F. W. Merrill, Oneida, Brown Co., Wis.

Money Orders, made payable at Green Bay, Wis.

Freight, Oneida Wisconsin, via Green Bay Junction.

Express Packages, should be sent per United States Express, addressed Green Bay, Wis., and marked to be called for.

DOBBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING
APR 74
ST. AUGUSTINE
FLA.
32084

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 011 236 698 2